

THE NEW NORTH.

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RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, MAR. 8, 1894.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF IT

TALKS WITH CITIZENS ON INCORPORATION.

A LARGE MAJORITY OF THE TAXPAYERS ARE DECIDEDLY IN FAVOR OF CITY GOVERNMENT.

Asking the business men, tax payers, and citizens generally as to how they stand on the question of incorporation, the impression is strongly that the sentiment among them is greatly in favor of it. The New North has interviewed some of our leading men and gives in the following what they say of the idea. In the whole list of men asked there is not one who says he is actively opposed to it, and while some think the plan may not lower taxes, they are of the opinion that it will not raise them any, and the expression is unanimous on the conclusion that inasmuch as the heavy tax payers want the city government that it should carry. Here is what is said of it:

W. H. Brown, of Brown & Robinsons,—"I have long been in favor of incorporation. The amount of money paid into the town treasury from outside territory does not affect the advantage of a city government by any means. Our taxes will be lower, and our government better."

G. H. Clark, of Clark & Lennon,—"I believe it will be the best thing for Rhinelander, and I am in favor of it. The town will be better off as a city."

D. B. Stevens, of Stevens Lumber Co.,—"While I know but little of the municipal affairs of Rhinelander, I am satisfied that the place will take a step forward by incorporating. The figures certainly show that it would be advantageous."

W. L. Beers, chairman of the town board,—"I am taking little interest in the matter. While incorporation may increase taxes yet the heaviest taxpayers seem to want it and they ought to have what they want as long as they are willing to pay for it. I will try to bustle along under either form of government."

C. Ely,—"It is necessary to do it. Rhinelander can't afford to longer continue the town system of government. The place has outgrown that and a city is what we want."

W. D. Harrigan,—"You can say that we are strongly in favor of incorporation. There are a hundred reasons why it should be done and none against it."

Tim Lennon,—"Am for incorporation because I think it is the best thing for every man who owns any property in the place."

W. E. Ashton,—"I am for it."

M. W. Shafer,—"Most heartily. In favor of it. Rhinelander wants a city government. It's too large for the town plan."

W. E. Brown, of Brown Bros. Lumber Co.,—"In the first place operating under a city charter with six wards we will have a council of two aldermen from each ward, or twelve in all, and they will be chosen from all parts of the village and will be a more representative body than the town board is at the present time, as for instance the present board is made up of three members only, two of whom live in one block and the other member in the north part of the village. Again three members only to control the interests of five thousand people in matters involving as many details as are found in running a town of the population and diversified interests of ours, is practically no representation at all. With a council of twelve, divided into appropriate committees, the detail work can be looked after thoroughly and all interests protected, while it is an utter impossibility for three men, even though they are willing to sacrifice a good share of their time for the benefit of the public, to cover as much ground and to look after the details of the most important of the business entrusted to them as it should be looked after. In witness of this I would mention the last tax roll, which is acknowledged to be a monstrous error, due to the fact that the board had no time to review and correct the work of an incompetent assessor. Again to my mind another and important reason for incorporating is that our interests on the county board will be cared for by six representatives, one supervisor from each ward, while at present we are only represented by one. The same argument as to efficient work in this case will hold true but with more force than in the comparison of what will be accomplished by the council in opposition to what is now accomplished by the town board. As tax payers we are in favor of incorporation, feeling that matters can but be improved."

S. M. Hutchinson, town treasurer,—"I think that the incorporation of this city will not lessen taxes any this year, but as a matter of permanent benefit it will be a good thing. It will prove of great benefit after this year and I am therefore in favor of it, and shall vote for it."

John Barnes said he had never been much of a "city" man, but that he thought it was certainly an improvement for Rhinelander to incorporate and that he should vote to have it done.

George L. Oleson,—"You can tell them that I am for it every time. A city will be a big improvement."

H. Lewis,—"As a tax-payer here I want to see the place incorporated."

Oliver Simons,—"I think that viewing the matter in all of its lights that incorporation would be better for all of the people and the place than the present form of government."

J. J. Reardon,—"I am strongly in favor of it for several reasons, principally that I think taxes will be lower."

A. D. Sutton,—"I will vote for it and hope to see it carried. It's what the town needs."

E. M. Keupp, of the Wabash Screen Door Co.,—"We think that our own and the town's interests will be better served to have the place incorporated and we are therefore in favor of it."

D. J. Cole, of Spafford & Cole,—"Heartily in favor of incorporation."

E. P. Brennah, County Clerk,—"I am opposed to incorporation."

F. T. Coon,—"I think a city government a good thing, and if anyone can convince me that it will not cost any more money, I am in favor of it."

J. M. Keenan,—"I am opposed to it."

Choice roll dairy butter, fresh eggs, cream puffs and Boston brown bread at Keeble's bakery.

O. D. Jones, of the Wausau alphabetical law firm, came up to court and to talk Monday.

Langdon sells the cheapest, delivers the promptest and gives the best satisfaction of any grocer in the city.

Merlin Hunter lost a valuable horse last week, where Mr. Hunter has been lumbering the past winter.

A meeting for the men will be held at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The subject of discussion will be "I am my brother's keeper," led by J. C. Wixson.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

The changeabout of trains on the Northwestern Line has made a change about of conductors also. Barney McCarry and Jim Connors, who formerly run the accommodation from Hurley to Monico, are now running a freight from Monico to Watersmeet, through here and Hurley. Conductor Wall, who had the run on Nos. 1 and 2, now doubles the road daily between Watersmeet and Monico with an accommodation passenger.

Joseph V. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale at the Palace Drug Store.

The Menominee Leader says that a splendid preventative for small-pox for adults to carry a nutmeg in pocket and nibble at it every now and then. Another good use the nutmeg can be put to is to grate into coffee, water, whiskey, milk or any kind of drink. A good thing in a patient's room is to wet a cloth in either vinegar and breathe through nostrils for several minutes four times every twenty-four hours. The paper says that this recipe comes from traveling men who have been in the midst of a small-pox epidemic several times, and that it was the best preventative known. You get it as cheap as we did, whether its worth anything or not we know not.

De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cleanses, purifies and heals. It was made for that purpose. Use it for burns, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of all descriptions and if you have piles use it for them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

BILL GOES TO WAUPUN.

AT LAST THE FIREBUG IS IN THE LAWS HANDS.

THE JURY IS OUT BUT A SHORT TIME. OTHER DOINGS OF THE CIRCUIT COURT.—THE PETERSON CASE NOW ON.

"Pollock Bill" is now on the way to receive his just deserts. The community will breathe easier, for the firebug who has kept the people guessing for the past few years will soon be where it won't be necessary for anybody in Rhinelander to wonder where he is or if he is drunk, and skulking through alleys and hallways with the torch of the incendiary. The jury has done a good work. The case against him was strong and the state's attorneys handled it well. All hands at the court house and the people of the city are to be congratulated.

The regular spring term of circuit court for Oneida county commenced Monday afternoon with circuit Judge Hardean presiding. The work of calling the jury and hearing of excuses, very few of which were granted, was soon disposed of. The calendar was called and all the criminal cases reported ready for trial, except those of the State against John Boleau and others charged with riot. The district attorney asked that they be discontinued. The first case taken up was that of E. E. Davis, charged with obtaining money under false pretences. The complaining witness was Ed Young, and his testimony was such that after the State's case had been presented, the Judge dismissed the case on motion of defendant's council. Davis was immediately rearrested on a similar charge brought by another party. The case against Charlie Langlois, charged with incest, which has been dropping along for terms, was dismissed for the reason that no one appeared against him. The case against Joe St. Louis, charged with larceny, was dismissed on motion of his attorney.

Wednesday morning the case of William Sawaskee, alias "Pollock Bill," charged with arson, was taken up. The work of drawing and striking a jury took considerable time. The court appointed J. J. Billings to defend Bill. There were a great many jurors called who admitted that they were of strong opinion in the case, and were consequently excused for cause. The introduction of testimony was begun after a brief statement of what the State intended to prove. The court room was crowded with interested spectators, many ladies being among the audience.

The evidence was given by good reliable witnesses, and unquestionably located Bill in the region of the fire directly before the alarm was given. One witness positively swore that he saw Bill come out of the stairway where the fire was lit, just before it blazed up. Others saw him trying doors and entering business places. The mattress which was put into the hallway and set afire was identified as the one which lay in the rear of Dolan's saloon, and which disappeared about the time Bill did. The State put some fifteen witnesses on the stand in all.

The addresses to the jury were brief. Dist. Attorney Miller opened with a short review of the evidence and was followed by J. J. Billings, who defended Sawaskee. The states case was closed by J. W. McCormick, who made a vigorous and eloquent plea for protection of the people from the hands of such a man. The Judge's charge was brief, and eminently fair. The jury's verdict meets with universal commendation.

Pollock Bill has a mania for fires. Whenever he began drinking people looked for a fire, and they were seldom disappointed. He has the appearance of being a stupid, ignorant man, but he is far from it. He is an accomplished housebreaker and sneak thief as well as a firebug, and probably the shrewdest worker there is in the Northwest. This town has spent hundreds of dollars to catch him, but never before has anything more than a case of common drunk been established against him. He was a single handed worker and never allowed anyone to know what he was doing. Detectives have "chummed" it with him for weeks, and to them he would talk and plan of burning buildings (a subject that was always on his mind) but when it came to catching him Bill was too fox. Once the police lay in wait for him to fire a factory which he had agreed to, but a half hour before the time set, Bill took a walk around town and not seeing the policemen anywhere said they must be down there, and he guessed he wouldn't go. Although

enough evidence to convict him could not be had, he is believed to have set at least a dozen fires here.

From Three to Six.

Mrs. S. H. Alban and her mother, Mrs. J. A. Cowan, gave a pretty reception last Friday afternoon at the pleasant home of Mrs. Alban on Pelham St. The rooms were admirably arranged for effective decoration and social enjoyment. Cards were issued for the hours from three to five and four to six, and during that time the house was thronged with ladies coming and going. Dainty refreshments were served in the dining room with charming grace by the Misses Alban assisted by Miss Mabel Bronson. In the centre of the room stood the dining table draped with snowy linen, and the festoons of smilax, with here and there a blossom to give a touch of color, added the perfection of artistic decoration. The centre piece was a large rose jar of "American beauty" roses.

The bay window in this room made a pretty recess for the gay colored Japanese umbrella, which will long be a souvenir of the "Midway."

In the front parlor the piano was adorned by a rose bowl of pink and white carnations with a thrifty palm to enhance their beauty. A jardiniere of delicate ferns stood in front of the large lace draped window. The decoration in the back parlor were potted plants and scarlet and white carnations.

Mrs. Alban wore a reception dress of black silk, lace and jet trimmed. Mrs. Cowan looked very nice in black silk and lace, with pink and white carnations, which she wore very becomingly.

The beautiful day brought out an attendance of more than eighty, nearly the number invited, all of whom carried away pleasant recollections of the occasion.

Mrs. M. H. G.

Ladies' Harmony Quartette.

The Ladies' Harmony Quartette, consisting of Mary Louise Sizer, Soprano; Estelle Seeburg, Mezzo; Mrs. Maud Stewart, Contralto; Mrs. E. L. Bailey, Alto; Mrs. J. Ward Follett, pianiste, all of Marinette, appeared in concert here on the evening of March 1st under the auspices of the ladies of the Congregational church society. The concert was given in the Congregational church, the church proper and the lecture room being thrown into one. Both rooms were filled to their utmost capacity, there being close to five hundred persons in attendance. This shows what can be done by the ladies of the Congregational Society when they try. There were, probably, not more than a hundred of them selling tickets, that is, twenty besides Mrs. Chaffee, and their efforts resulted in the magnificent reception to the Marinette ladies, and thirty dollars, net, for the church treasury.

Of the delightful program rendered by the quartette, individually and collectively, too much in commendation cannot be said. To the report of the concert singing was the feature of the evening. The four ladies sang as one. Each one was possessed of ample vocal capital to start with; each voice has had years of artistic cultivation, and none of them evinced the slightest disposition to assert her individuality, or in other words, to score for points. The result was all that could be desired. They sang with enlightened style and feeling.

The soloists of the evening, Miss Sizer, Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Seeburg, were accorded an enthusiastic greeting and responded with happily chosen encores. There were two piano duets on the program, and both were well received. The accompaniments, played by Mrs. Follett, exhibited that lady's skill in a most difficult role, to great advantage, and the piano duets evidenced the fact that Mrs. Stewart is a pianiste of ability also. Altogether, the concert was one of the most enjoyable ever given here, and the ladies will long be remembered as having afforded the largest audience ever assembled in this city to hear a concert, a most delightful evening.

Mr. Henry Clemon, a first-class barber from Berlin, has been hired to take George Fease's chair at C. H. Naylor's Globe Barber Shop. He comes well recommended, and all work guaranteed satisfactory. I wish to return thanks to all my old customers and solicit their trade and all who wish first-class work.

Respectfully,
C. H. NAYLOR.

TWAS PROBABLY SUICIDE

JACK RYAN, A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER, FOUND DEAD.

HE IS STRUCK BY THE SOO EAST-BOUND LIMITED NEAR THE CITY.—APPEARANCES ARE SUICIDAL.

A man's body, horribly mangled and evidently not long dead, was seen by some parties Tuesday morning lying beside the Soo track about a half mile west of the Wisconsin river bridge. The Soo switch engine ran out to the place and the body was taken to Hildebrand's undertaking rooms. It was soon identified as that of John Ryan, who has been about town for the past year or two. The body was badly mangled. The skull was crushed, both arms broken, the spine and limbs fractured. The train had evidently struck him while he was sitting on the rail.

Ryan lived over near the Rib River mill last year with his family. They left him on account of non-support and his drinking habits. Some time ago he was "posted" in the saloons. Monday night he told an acquaintance that he was tired of life and would soon end everything. He probably went out and waited for the east bound limited to come along. The body was buried this afternoon.

A PROSPEROUS COMPANY.

A Rhinelander Institution Which is Doing a Successful and Growing Business.

We called at the office of The H. C. Keith Company this week and was surprised to learn the volume of business this company are doing in their line and prospects for a big increase in future business. We were shown letters and reports from physicians in different parts of the country who are using this treatment and all speak of it in the very highest terms. A physician at Hillsboro, New Mexico, writes that he has just completed the treatment of a patient for the morphia disease, who had been taking forty grains of morphia per day for several years, and says it was amusing to hear his patient talk about the time when he would be able to get along without using any morphia at all, and the doctor writes that at the time his patient made this remark, he had not had any morphia for two days previous and had been completely cured of the disease, absolutely without pain or suffering, and with so little trouble that the patient was not aware of the fact that he had been effectually cured until nearly a week later when informed by the doctor that he had not used any morphia for more than a week. We saw similar reports from physicians in Arkansas, Texas, Georgia, Alabama and other southern states reporting the same results in the treatment of their patients. A physician in Arkansas writes, that he has just completed the treatment of his son, twenty years of age, whom he had taught the morphia habit by giving it to him in sickness and severe pain, says, he cured his boy in ten weeks without any trouble and he is now the happiest man in the State. Says his boy is gaining one pound per day in flesh, and is continually praising The H. C. Keith Companies' remedies and treatment, which has saved him from becoming a total wreck. The treatment of the morphia habit or rather disease as it is known at the present, has in the past always been attended with very severe pain and suffering to the patients with an occasional cure effected principally by the exercise of willpower on the part of the victim. Even the most celebrated treatments, except this one, fail to effect a cure in all cases, and never in any case without severe pain and suffering. Thus it will be seen what the prospect of this Keith Company are. When we consider the fact that conservative estimates place the number of opium habits at three million in the United States at the present time and increasing rapidly, and that they will be advertised in every nook and corner of the country.

A Better Mail Service.

Monday the new trains of the Northwestern service made their first trip. The new fast mail feature is a good one for Rhinelander. At 1:15 in the afternoon we now get the Chicago papers of the same day. We also get the late edition of the Sentinel, which is a great improvement over the one we have been getting. The eastern mail arrives nearly twenty-four hours earlier than formerly and the mail service all around is an improvement. The running time between here and Milwaukee is also cut down considerably, and take it all in all, the people here are pretty well pleased with the change.

The little child of A. J. Ryckman died Tuesday.

The Northwestern railroad officials were in town yesterday.

The same old price on sugar is still to be had at Langdon's.

Doctor Towns will be at the Fuller House March 11 12 13.

Good competent girl to do general house-work, wanted at Mrs. J. D. Day's.

We will give our readers an idea of the Northern Minnesota country next week.

The W. C. T. U. meets Friday afternoon at 1:30 with Mrs. McLaughlin North Side.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

The fire department did splendid work at the two fires Friday night. Either of them would have been terribly destructive if the fire had got any headway.

It not only relieves; it does more, it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages, all conditions, at all times. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Mrs. Albert Armstrong died at her home in the South Park addition Monday, of consumption. She had been sick but a short time. A husband and four children are left to mourn her loss.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Willie Hunter of North Side entertained about thirty-five of his little friends Saturday evening at the residence of his grandparents, and all spent a pleasant evening, after which Mrs. Hunter served refreshments. The event being his twelfth birthday. The presents were many and very nice.

Canned fruits are the best imitation of the genuine article you can get at this season of the year, but there is no imitation on prices, Langdon has the only one that no one else meets. It pays to buy of him.

Louis Zolinski has received the finest stock of spring goods in his line that has ever been brought to the city consisting of a great assortment of gents' neckwear, linen, clothes and shoes. There will be something said to you next week of them, and if you are a clothing buyer you had better keep an eye on Zolinski's advertising space.

Don't bother with going to the market to order your meats, send a note or telephone the City Market and your orders are attended promptly and with as much care as if you yourself were at the market.

Groceries are the things which people should buy carefully if they wish to economize. Langdon's prices are such that you can buy more and make your monthly expenditure no higher. Try him and see.

The "Columbia" Bicycle is acknowledged to be the best by all who know anything about wheels, and is sold for \$125.00. Why not get the best. The Western Wheel Works wheel are the best wheels made for second grade and equal to any wheel except the Columbia, and we sell it for less than is asked for the wheels made by cheap John houses that have no reputation. See Lewis Hdw. Co. and they will give you prices.

The bath rooms are being thoroughly painted, cleaned and renewed and two new porcelain bath tubs will soon be put in at the Globe Barber Shop and Bath Rooms on Davenport St.

C. H. NAYLOR, Prop. P. S. Call for a good bath and be happy.

WANTED-TO RENT-House containing from ten to fifteen rooms, situated in the central part of the city. Address, with particulars, "Rent" this office.

Clothing Sales Agent wanted for Rhinelander and vicinity. Liberal commissions paid, and we furnish the best and most complete outfit ever provided by any house. Write at once for terms. Send 2 or 3 references. Wanamaker & Brown. Philadelphia, Pa.

The News Condensed.
Important Intelligence From All Parts.

CONGRESSIONAL-
Regular Session.

A LARGE number of petitions were presented in the senate on the 7th protesting against a reduction of the existing duties on wool and various other features of the tariff bill. A bill was introduced for the establishment of a national university. In the house resolutions were presented to investigate the action of several United States judges who have issued injunctions in railroad cases. A bill was introduced to amend the revised statutes so as to permit, in civil cases, the verdict of three-fourths of the jurors constituting the jury to stand as the verdict of the jury. The silver revaluation bill was further discussed.

On the 26th the senate held a two hours' session, the whole of which was given to a speech by Senator Frye in opposition to the president's Hawaiian policy. In the house the deadlock on the sequestration bill was broken after two weeks of filibustering, but upon a question for a special order to discharge the committee of the whole from further consideration of the bill the quorum disappeared and no action was taken.

On the 1st a resolution was introduced in the senate providing for the establishment of a tariff commission of nine to regulate the tariff on the basis of the difference of wages here and abroad. A bill was introduced for the erection of a statue at the treasury department to Gen. F. E. Spinner. The house bill providing for urgent deficiencies was passed. In the house the long struggle over the Bland bill for the release of the silver revaluation and the silver bullion in the treasury was ended by the passage of the bill by a vote of 167 to 130.

The senate was not in session on the 21st. In the house the fortifications bill (\$3,000,000) was passed. The pension bill was taken up and general debate consumed the remainder of the day. The aggregate of the bill is nearly \$125,000,000. Ex-Speaker Grow, the newly elected congressman at large from Pennsylvania, was sworn in. At the evening session private pension bills were considered.

The senate was not in session on the 22nd. In the house the time was occupied in discussing the pension bill and a bill was passed granting an increase of pension to Andrew Franklin, aged 70 years, who resided in Kansas and is a veteran of the war of 1812 and of the war of the rebellion.

DOMESTIC.

THE Peace Association of Friends in America was organized at Richmond, Ind., the object being to promote peace and to settle difficulties between individuals, labor and capital and nations by arbitration.

THE bill providing for the consolidation of New York with Brooklyn and its suburbs has been signed by Gov. Flower.

AT Linden, Mich., a platform collapsed and twenty-five or thirty persons were more or less injured.

WILLIAM E. RICE, cashier of the St. Louis National bank at St. Louis, was arrested on a charge of embezzling \$57,000.

WILLIAM RYAN, a potter, 25 years old, shot his wife Christina at Trenton, N. J., and then fired a bullet into his brain and died instantly. No cause was known.

JOSEPH DOMAN, of Baltimore, who threatened Vice President Stevenson by mail, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

NEARLY all the remaining world's fair employees were discharged, a total of about 600. Work was nearly finished.

THE resolution for a woman suffrage amendment to the Iowa constitution was defeated in the state senate by 25 to 20.

THE Columbia Fire Insurance company of America filed a deed of assignment at Louisville, Ky., with liabilities of \$125,000.

BURGESS killed Township Treasurer Henry Geierman's wife, seriously wounded him and secured \$700 near Exeter, Mich.

EIGHTEEN fishermen who lived at Gloucester, Mass., were lost in an eastern coast storm. They were members of the crews of the Henrietta and Resolute.

PITCHER McNAB, of last year's Baltimore baseball team, shot and fatally wounded Mrs. R. E. Rockwell and then killed himself in a hotel at Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE National Baseball league season will open April 12.

A BLOODY riot occurred in the Kanawha coal region at Eagle, W. Va., in which at least one man was killed, three fatally injured and many others hurt. Troops were ordered to the scene.

JESSE HICKMAN, a farmer near Glasgow, Ala., cut down a tree near his home and in falling it struck his two daughters and killed them.

GIFTS amounting to more than \$300,000 were received by trustees of the Western Reserve university near Cleveland, O.

RESIDENTS of Benton Harbor, Mich., were startled by a rumbling noise and a shaking of the ground which lasted a minute.

AT Emporia, Kan., Mary C. Davis was divorced from her husband, John Davis. This was the fifth time one or the other of these two had sued for divorce, and each time the divorce had been annulled by a remarriage.

THE public debt statement issued on the 1st showed that the debt increased \$40,064,215 during the month of February. The cash balance in the treasury was \$757,075,554. The total debt, less the cash balance in the treasury, amounts to \$1,097,256,015.

HENRY BAKER and William Thompson, negro burglars, killed Mrs. Moore Baker and her child at Franklin Park, N. J., and were themselves killed by Moore Baker after a desperate fight.

"COLBY BIRD" literary barn at Fort Dodge, Ia., with contents, was destroyed by fire and twenty-eight head of horses were roasted alive.

NOTICES were posted by white caps commanding all negroes to leave Pike county, Ala., by March 10 under penalty of lynching.

WHITE CAPS took Wesley Thomas and his wife, aged negroes, from their beds at Brantley, Ala., and whipped them so severely that their lives were despaired of.

MEMBERS of the Protestant societies would ask the courts for an order enjoining Catholic nuns from teaching in the public schools of Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN CARBERRY died at Newark, N. J., of diphtheria. It was thirteen weeks ago that the disease attacked him.

HISZKI's opera house and other buildings were burned at North Baltimore, O., the loss being \$100,000.

FRANK RUFF and Charles Dawson were killed by an explosion in a planing mill at Warsaw, Ind., and two other men were fatally injured.

Z. T. WHITE was fined \$500 for aiding in the hanging in effigy of Secretary Morton at Nebraska City.

A VERDICT of \$5,000 against the defendant was given at Indianapolis in the first case tried under the employers' liability law.

NINE eloping Kentucky couples crossed the river to Jeffersonville, Ind., and were married.

THE Commercial bank of Milwaukee resumed business after having been in the hands of an assignee for seven months.

JAMES J. CORRETT, the prize fighter, was found not guilty of violating the law by a jury at Jacksonville, Fla.

THE Dexter (Mich.) savings bank was robbed of \$5,000 by two masked men, who forced the assistant cashier to open the safe.

JOHN Y. McKANE, convicted at Gravesend, N. Y., of political frauds, was taken to Sing Sing to serve his sentence of six years, all attempts at securing a stay having failed.

SIX THOUSAND miners quit work in Jackson county, O., because the operators wished to reduce wages to fifty cents a ton.

THE exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 2d aggregated \$833,328,166, against \$691,491,780 the previous week. The decrease, compared with the corresponding week in 1895, was 22.0.

THERE were 264 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 2d, against 283 the week previous and 206 in the corresponding time in 1895.

IN the opal mines near Caldwell, Idaho, an opal has been found as large as a hen's egg and without a flaw.

TWO MEN were instantly killed, two fatally burned and five others dangerously hurt in an explosion in a coal mine near Leeds, Me.

WATERMAN & KATZ, bankers at Port Townsend, Wash., failed for \$150,000.

MONK troops were ordered to the mines near Charleston, W. Va. The miners threatened to burn the coal company property and martial law had been declared.

THE World's W. C. T. U. is preparing a temperance petition to be presented to all the rulers on earth.

GEORGE HESSELEY and W. R. Shelton, Jr., while in a quarrel at a dance in Madison county, N. C., shot each other fatally.

REV. MR. ROBERTS, Methodist, of Richmond, quit his pulpit for other fields because of the hard times.

KANSAS farmers secured \$47,000 damages at Emporia against Hezler Brothers for bringing Texas fever among their cattle.

THE State bank at Brookville, Kan., closed its doors with liabilities of \$50,000.

THEODORE F. BAKER, former paying teller of the Consolidation national bank in Philadelphia, who stole \$47,000 of the bank's money, was sentenced to seven years and six months in the penitentiary.

GRAPE growers of Ohio have formed a "combine," alleging as the business is now conducted there is no profit.

ORDERS were issued by the Erie Railway company to hold common freight trains at terminals over Sunday. About 5,000 men will thus be given a day of rest.

DURING a quarrel near Eugene, Ore., Albert Moss fatally shot David Coleman and his two daughters and then blew out his own brains.

LOX TRE, a Harlan county (Ky.) negro, was reported to have been kidnapped by a mob and then roasted for kidnapping a white girl.

DAVE JONSSON and Mansfield Washington (colored) were hanged at Baton Rouge, La., for murdering Prof. Emilio Van Hise and Michael Kane.

GEX. MILES said at Boston that there was not a harbor in this country in proper condition to resist a hostile modern fleet.

CHICAGO has annexed the adjacent villages of Westwood, Clifton, Avondale, Linwood and Riverside, thus adding 15,000 to the population of the city.

TWO BABIES, a boy and a girl, twins 2 1/2 months old, were smothered to death in bed in Chicago at the home of the parents, a family named Jaquer.

JOHN SACHS, a tombstone decorator, dropped dead while placing an inscription on a tombstone at Waldheim cemetery in Chicago.

FARMERS in Kansas are turning their old enemy, the wind, to account by utilizing it through windmills for irrigation.

ED WILLIAMSON, of Chicago, one of the most popular of ball players in his time, died at Mountain Valley Springs, Ark.

AT Kosciusko, Miss., Rev. W. P. Ratliff killed N. A. Jackson and fatally wounded two bystanders. A political feud was the cause.

DANNY RUSSELL and George Siddons fought twenty-seven rounds at Newark, N. J., the latter being awarded the victory on a foul.

GOLDIE A. SMITH, a night operator, was assassinated while at work at his key at Hay Springs, Neb.

TEN far in 1894 eighty fires and eighteen vessels have been lost from the fishing fleet of Gloucester, Mass.

RECORDS for the year 1893 show that America is by all odds the greatest racing country under the sun.

NEBRASKA homesteaders dispossessed by a recent decision will lose all but their improvements and government fees.

THE business portion of Morgantown, Ind., was destroyed by fire.

MRS. CHARLES RICHFIELD and Mrs. J. F. McCuen were killed by the cars while attempting to drive across the Michigan Central tracks at Battle Creek, Mich.

FOR accepting a bribe J. T. Rennie was expelled from Louisville's city council. Four other aldermen are to be tried.

A TABLET was placed in Providence, R. I., to commemorate the burning of British taxed tea in 1775.

THE resignation of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage as pastor of the Brooklyn tabernacle has been withdrawn.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

THE populists propose making Kansas the fighting ground this year, where their batteries will be concentrated.

PROF. CARL WILHELM KNUDSON, the astronomer, died at South Norwalk, Conn. He was born in 1818.

CARL JONAS, lieutenant governor of Wisconsin, was appointed consul general at St. Petersburg by the president.

REV. DR. R. W. PATTERSON, a Presbyterian minister, well known throughout the northwest, died at his home in Evanston, Ill., aged 80 years.

JACOB C. HORN, who was present at the Fort Dearborn massacre, and in the Black Hawk, Mexican and civil wars, died at Winnebago, Wis.

EX-JUDGE J. W. MCILL, of the interstate commerce commission, died at his home in Creston, Ia., of typhoid fever, aged 60 years.

MRS. SARAH GALLOWAY (colored) died near Alton, Ill., aged 110 years.

DJONN C. DOWNEY, ex-governor of California, died at Los Angeles of pneumonia after an illness of only three days. He was 67 years old.

GEO. J. BAL, A. EARLY died at Lynchburg, Va., the result of a fall. He was born in Virginia November 13, 1816.

THE Colorado legislature adjourned sine die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY, the "Danbury News man," died at his home in Danbury, Conn., aged 35 years.

FOREIGN.

MRS. ALLEN FRANCIS, formerly of Illinois, died at Victoria, B. C. She introduced Abraham Lincoln to the girl he married.

RUSSIANS and Germans were reported to have fought a battle on the frontier in which several were killed.

REMONS of the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from office were being renewed and were agitating the English.

MRS. JANET MORRIS PAYET, a distinguished contralto singer, died at Sheffield, England, at the close of a long illness.

IN a fight between a band of brigands and the police of the town of Ixtlahuaca, Mexico, eight of the former and two of the latter were killed.

THE Brazilian elections resulted in the choice of Senor Prudente de Moraes as President Peixoto's successor.

IN an engagement between the government troops and insurgents near Saranda, Brazil, the rebels were defeated with a loss of 400 men.

SENOR ELLAURI was elected president of the republic of Uruguay.

AT Victoria, B. C., Green Worlock's bank closed with liabilities of \$400,000.

TWO MEMBERS of an American hunting party were killed by wild beasts in the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico.

ADVICES from Rio de Janeiro say that the rebel transport Venus was wrecked during a bombardment and the three officers and twenty-nine men on board were drowned.

MR. GLADSTONE's resignation was accepted by Queen Victoria and Lord Rosebery was offered and accepted the vacant premiership.

LATER.

THE new gold and silver smelter at Everett, Wash., with capacity of 250 tons of ore a day, has commenced operations. The wire mill works of 1,000 kgs daily capacity, and the paper mills have resumed work, all on outside orders, indicating an improved condition of business in the Pacific Northwest.

THE shingle mills along Puget Sound report increased orders and most of them are running full force.

A WHITE HERON appeared at the White House and said he had had a revelation from God and had been directed to take charge of the government and turn it over to the Jews. He gave his name as Abraham Julius Kissler from Baltimore. He was promptly locked up.

FIRE broke out the morning of the 25th in Paschold's saloon, Madison St., D., and destroyed all that part of the city lying between the center of Main street and Chinatown. There was no wind blowing at the time or the whole city would have been destroyed. As it is, the best portion of the city is in ruins. The loss at rough estimate will reach \$150,000. Insurance is not more than \$25,000.

THE plate mill of the Enreka Iron and Steel company at Wyandotte, Mich., was burned the 25th. Loss, \$100,000.

THE morning of the 25th while a gang of laborers were repairing the track near Charlottenburg, Germany, a passenger train ran into them. Six were killed instantly.

THE queen promulgated the English parliament the 25th.

THE supreme court of South Dakota the 25th handed down a decision in the famous Sioux Falls brewery case. The ruling of the lower court which found the brewery company guilty of violating the law is reversed.

BY a vote-in at the Ophir mine at Bruce Mines, Ont., the fifth three miners were killed.

IT was learned the 25th that another British man-of-war had been sent to Blackfield, Nicaragua, to support the Cleopatra in restoring the status quo in the Mosquito reservation, pending the arrival of denitive orders from the British government.

THE police of Centerville, Ia., the 25th unearthed a veritable thieves' paradise in an old mine near town. In one room was found large quantities of clothing and jewelry amounting to hundreds of dollars.

FOR the first time in 12 years Burlington, Ia., elected a republican mayor.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Wisconsin Farmers' Alliance.

At the annual convention of the State Farmers' alliance in Chippewa Falls the old officers were re-elected. Resolutions were passed demanding equal rights to all men and women, favoring the publication and sale of school books by the state, demanding a general reduction of the salaries of all state officers, requiring mortgages to be assessed, demanding that the government manage the railroads and banks, and denouncing Secretary Morton for his action toward the farmers.

Celebrated Their Golden Wedding.

Ex-Gov. and Mrs. F. A. Hoffman celebrated their golden wedding at their home near Jefferson. Floral decorations were abundant and superb, and no effort was spared to make the occasion one to be ever most pleasantly remembered. In 1850 Mr. Hoffman was elected lieutenant governor of Illinois on the same ticket with Abraham Lincoln and served until 1855. Since 1878 he has lived in quiet retirement on his farm a mile from Jefferson.

Died Suddenly.

Adolph Schroeder, of Manitowoc, died suddenly about two weeks ago, presumably from poison self-administered, but recent investigation points to the guilt of his wife, who was extremely jealous of her husband. A short time before he died, complaining of pains in his stomach, Mrs. Schroeder tried to purchase poison at several drug stores in the town, which she claimed was to be used in killing dogs.

Branch Railway Plan.

Surveys are at work on a line of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad which runs from Green Bay, Wis., to the shore of Green Bay. Three miles of railroad will be built, 700 feet of which is trestle work, and will cost \$40,000. The improvement is made in the interests of the Pulp Wood Supply company, which will furnish the road with from 3,000 to 6,000 carloads each season.

Charged with Murder.

Sheriff Beatty left Racine for Brooklyn, N. Y., taking with him a warrant and the requisition papers from Gov. Peck for the purpose of arresting and bringing back Mrs. Michael Mair, who is charged with the murder of her first husband, Herman Mair, in August, 1893. The woman was in the custody of the officers at that place and there would be no difficulty in making the arrest.

Nominated for Judge.

O. R. Wyman, of Virgo, has been nominated by the republican convention of the Sixth judicial circuit to make the run against Judge Joseph M. Morrow, who was appointed by Gov. Peck to fill the unexpired term of Judge Newman and who is now a candidate before the people of the circuit.

Says She Is Innocent.

Disclosures have recently been made in the Ella Maly poisoning case at Richland Center which if they can be substantiated will doubtless result in the release of Rose Zolozko from the penitentiary, where she is serving a life sentence on conviction of having poisoned her friend.

The News Condensed.

Mrs. Brewster was chosen by residents of Shullsburg for the post office, defeating three male candidates.

DAVID W. Mackay died in Milwaukee of pneumonia after an illness of two weeks. He had been principal of the Eighth District school for ten years.

William Brocken's child was sealed to death at Marengo by falling into a washtub of boiling water.

THIRTY-eight of the millers, grainmen and bankers of Superior met and established a board of trade.

THE store at Bruce owned by L. Kopleman was closed by the sheriff and goods sold at auction.

DIVORCED and jilted, Henry Schroeder, of Milwaukee, decided life was not worth living and hanged himself.

CLAIMANTS at Ashland to Omaha reservation lands have organized into a club to push their interests.

BENJAMIN Bixby, charged with causing the death of his wife at Glenwood, has been discharged from custody.

A 5-year-old son of M. M. Porter, a prominent lumberman at Shawano, was run over and killed.

THE effects of the Adams Express company were shipped from Milwaukee to Chicago, the company going out of business there.

ARTHUR C. Osborn and Miss Grace Cushman, a Chicago eloping couple, were married in Milwaukee.

STATE relief for the Hurley miners has ceased and Iron county must look after its unemployed.

HOWARD Morris and C. E. Ramt, receivers of the Penokee and Gogebic mines, have been authorized to issue \$300,000 in certificates.

LACROSSE banks and business houses were flooded with counterfeit dollars and half dollars bearing the 1893 date.

FRED Wills, of Edgerton, who was granted a divorce about two weeks ago, has remarried Mrs. Wills.

THE forty-sixth annual state encampment of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was held in Racine.

THE corner stone of the new \$1,000,000 city hall in Milwaukee was laid in the presence of a large number.

A \$9,000 fire destroyed the Olson tobacco warehouse at Cambridge.

CARL JONAS, lieutenant governor of the state, has been appointed consul general at St. Petersburg and will resign his office to accept his appointment.

CURTIS Mann, a resident of Waukesha county since 1858, died in Oconomowoc at the age of 72 years. In 1863 he was elected to the state senate, serving one term.

Judge Bundy refused to dissolve the injunction restraining the city treasurer of Chippewa Falls from disposing of funds drawn from the Seymour bank on the day of its failure.

ROBERT Fitzgerald, a woodsman, was found frozen to death near Pembina.

NATIVE HOSPITALITY.

Henry Clay's Admiration of the American Housewife.

Henry Clay often said that it seemed to him that American women of any class surpassed in fact and natural good manners the women of any other race. One example which he gave was the following:

During a presidential campaign, after he had addressed a mass-meeting in a Kentucky town, one of the neighboring farmers invited him to dinner at an early date to meet some of the leading whigs of the county.

When the day arrived Mr. Clay rode up to the farmhouse, and was surprised to see, no stir of preparation, for the hospitable Kentuckians usually found no banquet too rich for their beloved leader. The farmer's wife, in a homespun gown and white apron, was feeding the chickens. She turned startled, and then approached him smiling.

"It is Mr. Clay? Come in! Come in! My husband will be here in a moment." She led him directly into her clean, cheerful kitchen, and blew the horn to summon her husband and sons, giving them a warning look as they entered.

"I knew," Mr. Clay said, "there was a blunder somewhere. But there was no hint of it in my hostess's manner as she soon after composedly placed the single dish of food on the table, and invited us to be seated. The dish was pig's fowl and cabbage, and it was exceedingly well cooked. I never enjoyed a meal more or listened to better talk. When it was over, and we men had smoked our pipes, I prepared to mount my horse. The farmer's wife then came out.

"You will dine with us to-morrow, and meet the politicians as you promised, Mr. Clay?" she said. "We are so honored and grateful by your coming to us, alone, to-day."

"The next day a large company of men sat down to a royal dinner. But I enjoyed the fowl and cabbage most. It had the flavor of the finest hospitality."

Most American women have had embarrassing experiences in social emergencies. Perhaps none was ever more trying than the adventure of a lady noted in New York society for her courtesy and savoir faire.

One winter day she started on the train for Philadelphia, taking her seat in what she supposed was an ordinary parlor car. There was but one other occupant, a somewhat staid man who sat with his back to her. Presently he lighted a cigar and began to smoke. The lady coughed and moved uneasily, but her hints had no effect. She said at last tartly:

"You probably are a foreigner, sir, and do not know that there is a smoking-car attached to the train. Smoking is not permitted here."

The man without reply threw his cigar out of the window.

A few minutes later the conductor entered and started at her in dismay.

"How did you come here, madam?" he inquired.

"Why—where am I?"

"In Gen. Grant's private car."

The mortified lady's usual tact failed her here. She looked at the dumb, immovable figure, and retreated without a word.—Youth's Companion.

Wagner's Early Life.

Wagner's stepfather was named Geyer, and until almost grown Wagner himself went by that name. Geyer wanted to make a painter of young Richard, but the latter could never learn to draw. His gift for music was first suspected from his learning to play bits from the Freischutz. His first determination, made before he was ten, was to be a poet, and by the time he was eleven he had written a grand tragedy in five acts. Forty-two of the characters died by various violent means during the first four acts, and he found himself compelled to bring about a dozen of them back as ghosts in order to keep the fifth act moving to a proper conclusion.

A Solicitous Friend.

"Can you let me have five dollars to-day, Hellefeld?"

"Well, Bloomfield, I'm a little afraid to let you have any of the five-dollar bills I have now. They have all been in circulation quite awhile, and are not as clean as when they left the cash factory. Doctors and scientists say that bank notes are regular breeding grounds for microbes. I'd hate to be the means of loading you up with bacteria, you know, and giving you a job lot of diseases. When I get a brand new five-dollar bill I'll let you know."

Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Moment of Embarrassment.

"Smithers is discouraged about his love affair."

"What's happened?"

"He was in the act of proposing last night when the girl's mother and father came in."

"What did Smithers do?"

"Stopped short, of course."

"What did the girl do?"

"She said, 'What were you saying, Mr. Smithers?'—Life.

An Unfashionable Mother.

Mrs. De Style—What's the matter, my little man?"

Boy—How-hoo! I'm cryin' 'cause my mother is so unfashionable.

"Poor child! Is she so dowdyish as to make you weep?"

"Yes'm. She wears common leather slippers."—Good News.

—Gallus divorced his wife because she ran about with her head bare; Vetus got rid of his because he saw her talking with a freed woman; Sophus, because she went to the theater; Amillius Paulus, because he did not like her.

—Harry—"I have half a mind never to speak to you again." Henrietta—"I always believe just half what you say, Harry, and I'm willing to admit what you say about half a mind."—Boston Transcript.

—Frank—"Did Maude finally break off her engagement with George because he went to the Keeley cure?" May—"O

THE STORY TELLER

THAT FATAL WEEK.

How Mr. Copeland Removed the Barrier to Amy's Happiness.

"No, William, I'm not mistaken, and there's the pity of it," said Mrs. Copeland, with sad decision, as her husband turned out the gas. "The Bible record alone would uphold me, if I did not have any memory to depend upon, but the fact remains—Amy was born on September 7, and Roland on the 14th of the same month and year, which gives Amy a week's advantage in point of age."

"I should call it a decided advantage, my dear, if it stands in the way of the poor child's happiness," observed Mr. Copeland.

"No happiness could come of it, believe me. The advantage should always be on the husband's side, since women grow old more rapidly than men. It is not fair to Amy, and I could never consent to such a thing."

"But, my dear Harriet," urged Mr. Copeland, "what possible difference could it make—this paltry week? Had it been seven years, now, instead of seven days, I might understand. As it is, no one would believe it. I don't myself. I really think there must be some mistake."

"Mistake!" she echoed; "oh! no, my dear—I remember."

"I remember"—that was the key note of the family life. When Mrs. Copeland remembered the others meekly bowed in submission. From long experience they had learned to rely upon her memory as implicitly as upon the steady old clock at the foot of the stairs.

There the matter might have rested, for the night, at least, and poor Amy's hopes might have hung by the slenderest of threads had it not been for a temptation which often assails and conquers the best of women—a desire for the last word.

"Yes," said Mrs. Copeland, yielding to this weakness, "there is certainly a week's difference. I will show you the record of Amy's birth to-morrow, in your writing, in the Bible."

"I don't dispute it," repeated Mr. Copeland, in drowsy tones; but as the final word fell from Mrs. Copeland's lips, he entered his heart, and he lay awake anxiously thinking and planning, until his wife's regular breathing assured him that she was sound asleep.

Then, in the midst of a brooding silence which seemed to cast a spell upon the household, he arose cautiously, softly groped about for his dressing gown and slippers, and dropped a box of matches into one of his capacious pockets.

His destination was the library, where, upon the top shelf of a bookcase, reposed the family Bible. It was the work of a moment to light the gas, bring the volume down and spread it open upon the table, after which Mr. Copeland stood lost in treacherous meditation.

"Confound it! She is right again!" There, in his handwriting, was the following entry: "Amy, eldest daughter of William G. and Harriet Copeland, born September 7, 1870."

He opened his desk and took from one of the shelves a small vial, a bit of blotting paper and a fountain pen. The first contained some chemical preparation, and, carefully drawing the stopper, he let fall a single drop of the liquid upon the date.

Like magic it disappeared, and drying the cleared place with the blotting paper Mr. Copeland viewed this part of his undertaking with great satisfaction. All inconvenient conscience pangs were now obliterated, and he was only intent on perfecting his task. This brought the fountain pen into active service. A light stroke, and the deed was done.

The anxious lines disappeared from his genial face, a smile played round the corners of his mouth and twinkled in his eyes as he replaced the Bible, concealed the weapons of his enterprise and tiptoed upstairs. But at the first landing a shock awaited him, for there stood his daughter Amy, also enveloped in a wrapper, her little bare feet thrust into slippers, her pretty hair falling about her face as she leaned over the banisters and peered anxiously into the dimly lighted hall.

"Father," she exclaimed in a surprised whisper, "what are you doing at this time of night?"

Mr. Copeland started guiltily like a schoolboy caught in mischief.

"I might ask that question of you, my dear," he returned, parrying her attack. "I was hunting for a book."

"And I for robbers. I am sure some one turned the handle of my door awhile ago. I was frightened."

"Silly child," said Mr. Copeland, "no one was stirring but myself. Now go to bed and preserve your roses, else your mother will wake up and scold us both."

"But, seriously," said Amy, "I wanted to ask your advice. What am I to do? I can never marry Roland against mother's wishes, that is clear enough, but how to overcome the obstacle I am at a loss to conjecture. At the same time I owe a certain duty to Roland, who loves me."

"To be sure, to be sure," assented Mr. Copeland, studying the tips of his slippers in seeming abstraction. "Roland is a fine fellow, my dear, if it were not for the disparity in age."

"Ah! that ugly, provoking, obnoxious week!" flung out each adjective with a gesture of despair, and Roland would take it from me gladly if he could. Do I look so very ancient, so very much his senior? Is age so plainly written on my face?"

"No, I cannot say that it is," replied Mr. Copeland, with a critical glance. "You are a wee thing, after all. Roland looks years older, and, do you know," shaking his voice confidentially,

"I have come to the conclusion that your mother must be mistaken."

Amy started back horrified. "Never, never! you forget mother's memory. That is unimpeachable."

It was now Mr. Copeland's turn to shake his head.

"Nevertheless, I hold to the opinion that there is an error in this case. With so many things jostling one another in her mind, would there be any wonder if she had confused the date?"

"You dear old father, you mean well; but you can't, so Roland and I will have to wait until—"

"Well!"

"Until mother, in the kindness of her heart, consents to forget the difference of a week."

"Forget!" echoed Mr. Copeland, incredulously.

"At least, to overlook it."

"That may be; but the fact would still remain a haunting memory. It must be obliterated," said her father with stern decision.

"What must be obliterated?"

"The date—must I should say the fact," returned Mr. Copeland, in some confusion. "There, never mind, my dear. Don't be worried. Things will come all right in the end. What an untimely hour for discussion! One o'clock—just fancy if your mother should wake up and miss me! Come, you must not lose your beauty sleep."

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for which purpose, accordingly, they invaded the sanctuary together.

One look at their faces caused Mr. Copeland to retire behind his newspaper—a man's surest safeguard when family disturbance is brewing.

Mrs. Copeland raised her eyes from her knitting as they came in, but she, too, detected something, and silence held them all for a moment.

"Mother," began Amy, in a trembling voice, "Roland and I have come to-night to ask—to beg, indeed—to that you will renew your consent to our engagement which you gave so long ago."

"Indeed, Mrs. Copeland," added Roland, in clear, firm tones, "Amy and I have tried and proved our affection. Do not make us waste our youth in waiting. There is nothing to hinder our marriage save this shadow which you have raised between us. Let it fade—for the happiness of all."

Mrs. Copeland, at this appeal, laid down her knitting, and Mr. Copeland's newspaper rattled sympathetically.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Copeland, much distressed, "I wish I could make you see this matter as I do. It is the principle of the thing. My objection is not a shadow, Roland, but tangible, as you know, and not easily overcome. Perhaps you think me over-sensitive on this one subject."

"My dear," interrupted Mr. Copeland, in a serious tone, "I don't pretend to take sides in this important question—I am too interested in all parties. Your objection, Harriet, as you stated it, is well grounded—I don't deny that—yet these children are no less reasonable in their demands. What amazes me is that you should not reflect that you might be mistaken in this matter. Memory is capricious and it may have served you a false turn."

"Not my memory," said Mrs. Copeland, with an air of pride, as if in defending it she upheld the family escutcheon.

"Well," said Mr. Copeland, shrugging his shoulders as his eyes returned to the paper, "I have but expressed my opinion."

"I cannot believe it possible, William," Mrs. Copeland's voice assumed a reproachful tenderness—"that after all these years you should doubt me."

"Not you, Harriet," replied her husband, "only your memory."

Mr. Copeland was growing philosophical in anticipation of his approaching triumph.

"After all these years" was the term you used; don't you realize that time weakens rather than strengthens that faculty of yours? People at our period of life may wear well—you do, my love—but we must not expect too much. It is perfectly natural that after its ceaseless labor the springs of your memory should be impaired. It is only what we must all look forward to; and, surely, you do not mind going down the hill with me, Harriet?"

Tears came into Mrs. Copeland's eyes, but she did not speak, and Mr. Copeland continued:

"Does not the new happiness, ready to flower at your bidding, compensate you for this trifling lapse? Could you be content, dear, to gain a point and lose the solemn joy that uniting these two lives might grant to you and me? I don't plead for them; neither do I ask you to deviate from a principle; only consult your clear judgment and do what it dictates."

Without a word Mrs. Copeland rose and with an air of rigid calmness laid aside her knitting.

With a firm step she walked to the bookcase and taking from it the family Bible she cleared a place upon the table and placed it before her husband.

"You remember," she asked, slowly, "recording the date?"

"Indeed I do," assented Mr. Copeland, heartily.

"And I remember," she said, "seeing you set down the day and year, September 7, 1870. I tell you this before consulting the register, for I honestly desire to be fair to Amy and myself."

Mr. Copeland actually trembled in an agony of conscience, and almost stopped breathing while Mrs. Copeland turned the leaves.

He controlled himself with a great effort as he reached the fatal page. He watched her forehead travel down the column, as his had done; he saw her stop suddenly, and he felt that the moment of victory had come.

She did not speak at first, but stood staring at the date as if her eyes had deceived her.

"Amy, Roland, come here," were her first words, and as they obeyed her summons she pointed to the accusing number.

"I was mistaken," she said, simply, but so pathetic was this bit of renunciation that Mr. Copeland felt tempted to step forth and declare his duplicity, when his eyes fell upon the transfigured faces of the lovers.

No, that would never do; he must be firm and stand to his false colors for the good of all.

Mrs. Copeland gradually regained her composure, her momentary chagrin was counterbalanced by her true maternal feeling, and as for Mr. Copeland, his satisfaction knew no bounds.

When the young people left them a reflection of their joy lingered behind, glorifying Mr. and Mrs. Copeland as they sat together on the sofa, hand in hand.

"William," said Mrs. Copeland, breaking a pause, "I shall never remember again."

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed Mr. Copeland, in alarm.

"Never positively, I mean. I suppose I shall always have a tendency to recall facts, but always conditionally."

And so it proved. From that day she lost the air of assurance that had made her an oracle. Her active mind still performed its customary duties, but without ostentation.

It was never "I remember," but "If I remember correctly," "If I am not mistaken," uttered with such humility and doubt as to render the expression painful to Mr. Copeland's ear.

But he never recanted, and Amy's fair beauty and unclouded happiness in some measure overbalanced that one false stroke on the record page of the family Bible.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

ADVENTURE WITH SAVAGES.

George—"The Man-That-Draws-the-Handcart"—and the Indians.

Never satisfied with ordinary activity of common adventures, George was accustomed to employ green trappers to work by the month under his direction; then, pushing beyond the usual line of trapping into the Yankton country, he would establish a camp out of the way of Indian haunts, and distribute his men up and down the streams to trap. During the winter of 1879-80 he planted his camp on Devil's lake, a large body of water in what is now northeastern Dakota.

A Sioux chief of the Yankton tribe, whose Indian name signifies "old man," heard that the adventurous handcart drawer was trapping at that point, and fitted out an expedition for the purpose of robbing him, partly perhaps under the pretext of vindicating a Yankton claim to a riparian ownership in all the streams of that country, but influenced still more strongly by an Indian's love of plunder.

It was a bright winter morning, and George had followed an elk six miles through the snow. He had just shot it, and was stripping off its coat, when he saw an Indian scalp-knife rising above the top of a little knoll. He threw himself into a thicket, put his hand on his bullet pouch, and found by touch without counting, that there were fifteen bullets in it, while thirteen Indians soon came into view.

"Is The Man-That-Draws-the-Handcart here?" asked one of the Indians, for they knew Northrup's aim too well to approach without caution.

"If any man comes one step nearer," cried George, in the Dakota tongue, until I know whether this is a war party or not, I will shoot him."

One of the Indians fired off both barrels of his gun into the air, which was a pledge of peaceful intentions, but it put George under the necessity of emptying his gun and trusting to the uncertainties of Indian good faith, or of accepting battle with the odds of thirteen to one. Slipping the cap from one barrel George ran out and fired one barrel of his gun, bringing the hammer down on the capless tube of the other, as though the barrel were empty. He was now virtually a prisoner, but he dexterously replaced the other cap and kept a good hold on his gun. He afterward managed to load the empty barrel without attracting attention.

He understood perfectly the Indian plan. They knew that any attempt to take the life of a man with so sure an eye and quick a hand as George's would probably cost some Indian his life. They meant to detain him on some pretext while a detachment should plunder his camp, guarded only by inexperienced men.

The boldest way was the only one. After standing in the Indian camp while he confronted the chief and said quietly: "I'm going home," immediately turning about and taking the trail that led to his camp. The savages were nonplussed by the suddenness of the movement, and they fell into line behind Northrup. At every step of that six miles George expected a rifle ball from behind.

Guns, provisions, furs, were scattered about the trapper's camp in confusion; if the Indians on their arrival should find things so, the camp would be utterly stripped. George tried again what virtue there might be in impudence. Turning to the old chief, when they came in sight of the camp, he said: "Old-Man, my men are green; they do not know that you are coming in friendship; if you go in now, they might fire on you. Wait here until I go and tell them that you are friends."

In fact, George feared nothing so little as that his men would shoot. But the Indians were deceived, and with a "Ho!" of approval, the Sioux consented to remain until their welcome should be assured. When they reached the camp, George had everything in order, the things all under guard, and the Indians saw themselves outwitted.

There were thirteen savages to six or seven white men; but Indians like to keep their own skins whole, and to attack so vigilant a man as Northrup was dangerous. George overheard them disputing which should have his rifle.

"Where is your gun?" he demanded of one of his men.

"The Indians are sitting on it and I cannot get it."

George walked up to the row of Indians who had taken the gun in this tentative and diplomatic manner, and, eyeing them sternly, he seized the stock of the gun, whereupon the cowed savages rose up and he returned the gun to the man and ordered him to hold on to it.

The crisis came at last. There was of four but thirty-seven pounds in the camp, carefully hoarded against extremity. To George's consternation he found that Old-Man had seized it, while his frightened men did not dare offer resistance. Northrup walked directly up to where the chief sat with the sack of flour by his side, and laying hold of it, started off.

"Stop!" cried the Indian, getting to his feet. "Man-That-Draws-the-Handcart, bring back my flour!"

George turned about, and with a gesture of that cool dramatic kind which so impresses a savage, he opened the breast of his coat and said:

"Old-Man, if you want to kill me, shoot, but you shall not take away my flour and leave me to starve."

"Then," said the chief, fiercely, "Man-That-Draws-the-Handcart, you shall go south."

The Dakota tribes believe that the soul, driven out of the body, journeys off to the south, and "to go south" is, among the Sioux, the favorite euphemism for death. George looked unflinchingly at the chief, and said:

"Very well, Old-Man, I will go south, then. But if I go south you have got to go also, and just as many more as I can take with me. But you first."

At this the chief quailed. He saw that he was hostage for the good behavior of his whole party, and, indeed, Northrup had given orders that if a movement towards an attack were made by any Indian, the chief should be killed first. The Indians at last succeeded in stealing an old flintlock musket and a bag of pemmican, with which they made off. As soon as they were gone, George pushed off to a grove far out on the open prairie, which grove he had reason to think the Indians were not acquainted with.

—Edward Eggleston, in Harper's Magazine.

THE BAHIS OF PERSIA.

A Sect With Many Good Points, but Greatly Persecuted.

"I was in Persia on the 16th of last May," said a gentleman recently.

"Why do you mention that particular day?" asked the reporter.

"Because," he returned, "it is a day of sorrow to thousands of the inhabitants of the land of Cyrus. There is a new sect in that country, and they believe they will supplant all others. They are known as the Bahis. These peculiar people claim that on the 16th of May, in some year unknown, God became a man in the person of Beha Allah, who left the human body and ascended to heaven, after praying his people to prepare themselves for a better and a perfect life, and to do everything that would build up the temporal man and ennoble this life. It was the son of this prophet who thus related his father's death. The followers of Beha are called Bahis. They admit that Jesus and Mohammed and Moses were great prophets. They maintain that God has inaugurated a new era and that it began with the advent of Beha and Ali Mohammed. The origin of the belief is Persian. A new Imam is to arise. With his rising will come peace to all men. There will be more happiness in the world, more charity, more honesty among men."

"Seventy-five years ago marked the advent of Ali Mohammed. He went abroad in Persia proclaiming himself a prophet. The new sect has been persecuted with violence. They have suffered in degree equally as terrible as that undergone in the days of martyrdom. They have deserved it as little, too. The Bible or creed of this new sect is called the Bajan. In no way does it conflict with the established rule of any government. It lacks among its adherents one thing which has been deemed essential to the success of religious teaching. They are not orthodox. The Bajan teaches that there is no hell, except in unbelief, and that to believe is heaven—paradise. It claims the mission of the Old and New Testament, and the Koran to have been fulfilled and therefore useless in the present day. It holds that the human intellect has developed and is able to receive a better creed, a stronger religion and a better one. This new religion is patterned after the Mohammedan religion more than any other. However, the ritualism has undergone some decided changes. In the last month of the year a fast is ordered, and only children, travelers and women in travel are exempt from the observance. There is one thing about this new sect which deserves consideration and support. A higher status is placed on women. No veil is required when the female desires to appear in public celebrations. The Bahis insist on equality and demands brotherly love. Begging is prohibited, and efforts are made by those in high station and affluence to assist their inferiors to rise by labor and independence above the role of mendicants. They believe in a millennium and hope for its inauguration. They hope to obtain it strictly by religious means. The Bajan is strongly opposed to ignorance and superstition. Auricular confession they consider unpardonable and do not allow it. They reject slavery and the outward distinction of dress. They believe that God alone knows their state after death.—New Orleans Picayune.

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KING OF NO KINGDOM.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH.

His People Conquered by the British, He Removed to England With an Allowance. Tried to Stir Up the Sikhs Again, but Was Nipped and Forgiven by the Queen.

A decade ago Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who died in Paris recently, was a well known figure in London, whose photograph was on sale in the shop windows. He was born in 1838, the son of Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab," that doughty East Indian sovereign who was the founder of the Sikh kingdom and the cause of so much trouble to England. There have been two Sikh wars in the last half century in which the relatives of Dhuleep Singh figured. The first was in 1845, when a Sikh army of 60,000 men invaded the queen's Indian empire and fought four pitched battles, the final result being the retreat of the invaders across the Sutlej and the surrender of Lahore to the British. By the terms of the peace Dhuleep Singh, the infant son of Runjeet, was recognized as rajah.

The second Sikh war broke out in 1848, but it proved to be short lived, the British forces under Lord Gough succeeding in destroying the Sikh army and in annexing Punjab to the queen's possessions. As a result of this war young Dhuleep Singh received an allowance of £50,000 from his conquerors.

He, with his mother, moved to England, became a Christian, and on his estate in Suffolk cultivated the habits of an English gentleman. He was an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, who used annually to spend part of the shooting season at Dhuleep's country home.

The maharajah's first wife was a little Syrian maid whom he met in Cairo in 1864, when on his way back from Bombay, where he had gone to take back to his native soil the body of his mother that it might be there cremated. The maharajah died in 1887, and a couple of years later—in 1889—he married in Paris Miss Ada Douglas Wetherill.

Dhuleep watched closely the advance of Russia into Asia, and when he thought the proper time had come he renounced Christianity and issued a manifesto to the Sikh nation claiming the throne of his father. But his renunciation of the creed of Baba Nanak and his suspected illegitimate birth—it was asserted by the Sikhs themselves that he was the son of his mother through an intrigue with one of the rajah's water carriers—had long since estranged the feelings of the people, and if it had been possible to create a Sikh rebellion in the Land of the Five Rivers there were other princes better able than this maharajah to lead such an enterprise.

The British made short work of his pretensions. He was traveling with leisurely dignity on his great mission to a P. & O. steamer, when at Aden he was informed that a return passage had been secured for him, and that he would not be permitted to land in India. A Sikh rebellion would have been a serious matter for England, for never were the British forces more evenly fought than on the battlefields of Multan, Chillianwallah and Chumrae.

There were at that time about 10 regiments of Sikhs in the Indian army, acknowledged by British officers to be the finest in the service, and in most of the Punjab regiments there was a very large proportion of Sikh soldiers. After his abortive attempt to stir up the Sikhs into rebellion against British rule, Dhuleep went to Russia, thinking to enlist the sympathy of the czar in his behalf, but his greeting was not overwarm. So the king without a country established himself in cosmopolitan Paris, where he lived up to the time of his death. Life on the continent seemed to enstifle somewhat the domestic morals of this oriental Christian, and an hereditary predisposition to polygamy asserted itself. The maharajah recently expressed deep regret for the course of hostility which he had pursued toward England, and her majesty, by the advice of her ministers, was graciously pleased to accord her pardon to him.

General Dick Taylor of Louisiana used to tell a story of an encounter with Dhuleep. While he was staying in 1871 at Sandringham with the Prince of Wales, the maharajah was of the party. One morning Taylor arose early and strolled out into the grounds to a small summer house in which there was a Hindoo idol brought back from India by the prince. As he came near he saw some one, who proved to be Dhuleep, standing in front of the idol executing certain movements, evidently of worship. The truth probably is that Singh never had abandoned the true faith of his fathers.

The religion of the Sikhs was founded by Nanak, who died A. D. 1539, and who left for the guidance of his followers an inspired volume bearing the very unpropitious title of the "Grunth." This book is held in great reverence and is carried every morning in solemn state to the Golden Temple of Immortality at Amritsar, where it is venerated by some 2,000,000 or 4,000,000 of people. When Europeans visit the temple, they are required to remove their shoes. An exception, however, was made in the case of the Prince of Wales.

The tomb of Runjeet Singh, the father of Dhuleep, is at Lahore, the capital of the province of Punjab. It is a white structure, with a dome and five minarets. Runjeet's mausoleum is in the center of the building, under the dome. On the top of the tomb is a white rose surrounded by five white lilies carved in stone. The white rose is in memory of the great rajah, and the lilies that of his five wives, who threw themselves on his funeral pyre. The mother of Dhuleep Singh declined the honor of being burned alive.—New York Times.

UNCLE SAM'S WINE CELLAR.

He Doesn't Drink, but He Has Lots of Rare Wines on Hand.

A ghastly silence pervades the place. It is like the silence of the tomb. The outside world seems already centuries away. The air is cool and soothing, and three glaring gas jets cast an intricate combination of shadows upon the massive masonry of the arches, says a writer in the Boston Herald, in describing the wine vaults under the Boston custom house.

After hundreds of years, when Boston is only a hole in the ground like the ancient cities in the Mediterranean, some archaeologist will dig down through the accumulated dust of centuries and find those hewn arches standing as they stand now.

And yet the whole substantial structure is like the foolish man's house, founded upon the sand and mud of Boston harbor. Three thousand tall pine trees, stripped of their limbs, were driven down close together in the black ooze to form a foundation for the building. These piles would last but a few short years in the outer air, but sunk in the harbor mud they are believed to be as indestructible as the earth itself.

When it was built, the custom house was upon the water front, and even now the cellar is below high water mark, yet there is no drier cellar on Beacon Hill. The builders seemed to have been the builders of pyramids and catacombs reincarnate, and the work was done to stand after the builders themselves were long forgotten. Upon the heads of the piles, in the form of a Maltese cross, was laid a capping of granite in hydraulic cement. Around it were built the massive walls of solid granite 6 feet thick, which were to be a protection against heat and cold, fire and water and all the elements. Within these walls rose the puzzling scheme of sturdy pillars and arches which made the cellar a maze of low roofed chambers, niches, crypts and passages.

When the visitor enters the basement and storehouse, which is on the street level, he feels instinctively conscious of the huge pile of granite over his head. This floor, within the surrounding row of offices, is used for the storage of champagne and bottled wines. The cases, which hold two dozen bottles, are piled in regular tiers as high as the ceiling, and under the main entrance they are packed in solidly. There are usually between 3,000 and 4,000 cases, or over 40,000 bottles, which if popped all at once would make the granite dome tremble and might drown the attendants in a foaming flood.

When a consignment of rum, which means anything from champagne to brandy, is landed from a foreign vessel, the government orders it to be sent to the custom house cellar. If no owner appears to claim it, it is kept for a year and then is sold at auction to pay the duties and warehousing charges.

If the owner appears, he can pay the duties and withdraw his liquor for immediate consumption, or he can give bonds for the duties and keep his stock stored in the government vaults until he wishes to withdraw it. The government charges him storages according to the capacity of packages and allows him to take it away by degrees as he needs it, paying duty only on the amount withdrawn.

Very often an importation of wine and spirits may change hands several times while it lies in bond deep under the granite dome. In such cases it is sold in bond, and the owner, instead of the importer, pays the duties and makes the final entry of the merchandise.

Bastanasi's Capture.

The notorious Corsican bandit, Bastanasi, was a man of considerable education, had been educated at Pisa, knew Latin and had belonged to the medical profession. On one occasion he was going to Sartene on a vessel which stopped at Ajaccio. Knowing that the gendarmes were after him, he did not attempt to land, but as he had a fine voice and could also play the guitar to beguile the time of waiting he got out his instrument and began to sing and play. A fisherman in the port recognized the voice and likewise remembered the song. He went and informed the authorities, and it was thus through his love of music that Bastanasi was arrested. "I saw him land," says M. Levia. "The handcuffs were on his wrists, and the guitar was slung round his neck."—Contemporary Review.

Easily Answered.

"The subject for discussion at the next meeting of the Village Debating society is 'What is Truth?'" "Indeed? Well, that is a question that should be easily answered." "I'm not of your opinion. What is truth?" "Truth is what two persons speak when they fall out with each other."—London Tit-Bits.

There appeared in the Green Bay Gazette, as a sort of a New Year Souvenir in rhyme which was of a political cast and to our mind "hit the nail pretty squarely on the head." It is pretty late to republish and we reproduce it because of the implied prophecy and its startling fulfillment: (Published in the Green Bay Gazette Jan. 1st, 1894.)

"Hark! winter winds 'round hovels bare and bleak, Hold midnight revels, hear them howl and shriek, And roars in sullen chorus drear and grim, Or fall to radiance like a funeral hymn. Hard presses poverty, the chill despair Of want, cold, cruel, cheerless, list! the air is filled with lamentations and the chiming Of New Year bells seeming groaning out 'hard times!'"

A year ago the future held in store, As many a year has often held before, A lazeous life of ease—were told, if we would make his lordship, shining gold, King of the realm of finance, all our woes would vanish as the mists of morning go. 'Twas done at Grover's spoil-enforced behest, the politicians, yes, and all the rest, Were willing puppets in that fatal hour, And now the weary people have their fill Of golden dreams dissolved, while dark Queen Lull

Peeps o'er horizon's misty western verge On the far off Pacific, and the surge Of waves that beat and reach the "Golden Gate." Are ruckling to and fro the ship of state, In vain the pilot tries to stem the tide Of righteous ire as make some scape-goat hide. Unpleasant facts from patriotic men And trust his luck to set him right again. While grave officials quake with fear and groan, "Why did we meddle with that island throne?"

THE IMPROVEMENT IN BUSINESS.

The condition of business at present is very like that of a man who has been sick unto death. When the crisis had been safely passed it is the subject of joyous congratulation on the part of himself and friends; visions of immediate recovery brighten every thought of the future while hope, now justified, lends fictitious strength. But in such a case although the disease has been conquered and the cause of the distress removed, the fight has just begun. The system weakened by sickness can only be restored to strength and normal vigor by slow and patient work and waiting. Every little unfavorable happening that usually would pass unnoticed is the cause of serious delay and lost ground. Very, very slow at first the sick man progresses toward his former condition. He during convalescence always needs care and watchful nursing.

So it is with business conditions in times following a widespread panic. So it is now. There can be no doubt but that the worst has come and gone and that we are on the upward grade again, but one might as reasonably expect a man whom the physician had just pronounced "out of danger" to rise and go to his work, as to look for any immediate or startling improvement in the business interests of this country after the terrible shaking up they received the past year. There is abundant cause for congratulation and hope now that "things are improving," but it should be remembered that disappointment may not come to the sanguine that a steady growth toward better things is preferable to the feverish activity so much akin to the causes that first did so much to bring about the trouble.—Lumber Trade Journal.

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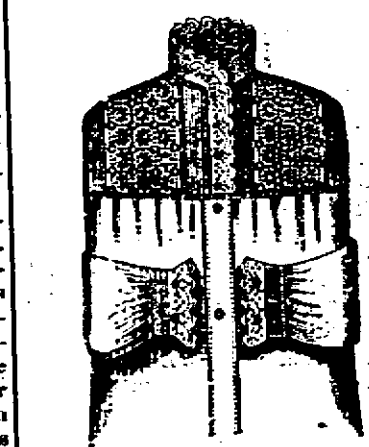
Spafford & Cole.

Our Cut prices on winter goods has resulted in driving a large portion of it from the store, such as Cloaks, Overcoats, Caps and Felt Shoes. They are not quite all closed out, you can have them yet at 50 per cent. off.

Large reduction on Carpets still offered. We are now opening up a lot of early spring goods, such as Ham-burgs, Nainsooks and Swiss Embroideries, White Goods in Mulls, P. Ks., Nainsooks, Jackanetts, India Linens, Victoria Lawns, Etc.

Spring Dress Goods in Tela Vela, Toile du Nord, Spanish Cords and Gingham.

A new and nice line of Muslin Underwear has just come in.



Our shoe department is the largest in Rhinelander and comprises some of the best makes in this country—C. P. Ford's, McClure's, Eggart & Co.'s and John Kelly's are among the best styles and best wearing goods.

And they all use Pillsbury's Best Flour, 50 cents lower than ever before. Creamery and Fancy Dairy Butter away down at eating prices. Everything in proportion.

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CLARK & LENNON,--Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware!

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Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

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Store in Fauets' Block.

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We are prepared to make First-class Fitting, Fashionable Suits. We carry the Latest Style of Goods, and the Lowest Prices in the Town. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co's plant, Rhineland, Wis.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

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Always Have on Hand a Full Line of--

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Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

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Will attend to all work entrusted to me in a satisfactory manner.

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FOR SALE BY
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FEED, HAY, OATS and MILL STUFF
At Retail or in Car Lots for Cash.

W. D. HARRIGAN

DEALER IN

Brick, Lime, Hair, Sand,

Adamant, Fire Clay and Brick

Orders of all kinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Wood etc. Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Harrigan's Block.

Sheriff Max Sells was in town Tuesday.

Samuel Shaw is in the city this week.

J. E. Jackson was sick with the grip last week.

Geo. Ulrich is acting as Deputy court clerk this week.

T. B. Walsh, of Eagle River, was in town on business Tuesday.

Attorney Fleet, of Merrill, was in the city Monday, attending court.

Judge Barken and Court Reporter Hart came up from Wausau Monday noon.

T. H. Robbins, Dr. J. D. Steffen and L. H. Bucknam, of Antigo, were here Tuesday.

Miss Belle Green, of Appleton, was in the city the first of the week visiting friends and relatives.

John Huffer came up from Antigo Saturday to help out the boys with their minstrel show Monday.

Neal Browne, who is said to be an aspirant for Tom Lynch's place, is attending court here this week.

John L. Martin, one of Antigo's prominent attorneys, was up on legal business the first of the week.

Luther B. Noyes, who has been visiting Judge S. H. Albanford week or more past, departed for his home yesterday.

The warm weather of the past week has cleared our sidewalks and streets of snow and it begins to look like spring.

Geo. O'Connor was down from Eagle this week. George is studying law, and his friends look for a success from him in that field.

Chairman Frank Rogers, of the Vilas county board, was in the city Monday looking after some county business before the court.

Early Risers, Early Risers, Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, sick head ache, dyspepsia and nervousness. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

The full returns make Congressman Grow's majority in Pennsylvania 188,200. This is a Republican gain of over 124,000 on the presidential vote of 1892.

The only way to buy a fur coat and buy it right is to look around before you purchase, and don't make the fatal mistake of not going to Beers.

Next Sunday, March 11th, the Arch Deacon will hold Episcopal services in the G. A. R. hall. Morning prayer and sermon 10:20 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon 7:20 p. m. Holy communion 7:20 a. m.

No better aid to digestion. No better cure for dyspepsia.

Nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

The success of the Ferris wheel has led to the organization of the "Gigantic Wheel and Recreative Tower company" in London. It will erect a similar wheel in the suburbs of that city, but of still greater dimensions. It will have a diameter of 300 feet, fifty more than the Ferris wheel, with the axle supported by twin towers which will combine the proportions of a Chinese pagoda with the attractions of a many storied picture gallery and exhibition.

The home talent minstrel show drew a big house at the Grand Monday evening. The audience appeared thoroughly well satisfied with the performance judging by the applause. The singing of Ray Hardy and Arthur Jenkinson was well received and the comedy work of Belle and Hoffer was loudly applauded. The dancing by Belle and Lytle brought down the house, while the juvenile work of Masters Lamont and Lambert was not far behind in favor. The house was large enough to clear all expenses and leave considerable of a balance.

Mr. Albert Favotte, of Arkansas City, Kan., wishes to give our readers the benefit of his experience with colds. He says "I contracted a cold early last spring that settled on my lungs, and had hardly recovered from it when I caught another that hung on all summer and left me with a hacking cough which I thought I never would get rid of. I had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy some fourteen years ago with much success, and concluded to try it again. When I had got through with one bottle my cough had left me, and I have not suffered with a cough or cold since. I have recommended it to others, and all speak well of it." 20 cent bottles for sale at the Palace Drug Store.

House and Lot for Sale. The residence of A. P. Quail, one door north of the Alpine Hotel. Terms reasonable. Inquire of Carr & Eby.

Notice of Special Election.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the following resolution which was duly adopted by the town board of Pelican on the 20 day of February, 1891, a special election will be held at the hose house on Rives street in the Village of Rhineland on said town on the 16th day of March, 1891, to vote upon the question of the incorporation of said Village of Rhineland as a city. The polls of said election will be opened between 9 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon and closed at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of said day. Said resolution is as follows, to-wit:

Whereas a due petition therefor signed by more than one hundred electors and taxpayers of the unincorporated Village of Rhineland in the Town of Pelican, has been filed with the town clerk of Pelican, praying to have the question of the incorporation of said village as a city submitted to a vote of the electors of said village, said village containing a population of over 130 thousand according to the last national census, and the territory comprised therein and which is described in said petition being as follows: The north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section one (1) in township thirty-six (36) north of range eight (8) east. Lot nine (9) of section thirty-six (36) of township number thirty-seven (37) north of range eight (8) east. The west half of section five (5) of township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. All of section six (6) in township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lots one (1) and two (2) of section seven (7) township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lot eight (8) of section eight (8) of township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lots number five (5), six (6), seven (7) and eight (8), and the east one-half (1/2) of the south-east quarter of section number thirty-seven (37) north of range nine (9) east. The north-west quarter of the north-east quarter and the west half of section number thirty-two (32) of township number thirty-seven (37) north of range nine (9) east.

Now therefore, Resolved that the question of incorporating the above described territory as the City of RHINELAND shall be submitted to a vote of the electors of said territory on the 16th day of March, 1891.

Said city, if incorporated, until changed according to law, shall be divided into six (6) wards, as follows: 1--All that part of said city lying north and east of a line drawn through the center of Pearl street and extended in a straight line to the limits of said city shall constitute the First Ward.

2--All that part of said city not included in the First Ward lying both north of a line drawn through the center of Edgar street extended to the limits of said city and east of the Wisconsin river except mill lots (and D of the Original plat of the Village of Rhineland) shall constitute the Second Ward.

3--All that part of said city not included in the First and Second wards lying both east of Thayer street and north of a line running along the center of Davenport street to Oneida Avenue, thence south to the intersection of Oneida Avenue and Clark street, thence east along the center of Clark street and extended in a straight line to the city limits on the east, excepting blocks 1 and 2 of the Original Plat of the Village of Rhineland shall constitute the Third Ward.

4--All that part of said city lying both south of the Fourth Ward and north-east of the center of the right of way of the Chicago and North-Western R'y shall constitute the Fifth Ward.

5--All that part of said city lying south of the Fourth and Fifth wards and east of the Wisconsin river shall constitute the Sixth Ward.

6--All that part of said city not included in the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards shall constitute the Third Ward.

The polls of said election for all electors in said territory shall be held at the hose house on Rives street in said Village of Rhineland.

Dated Feb. 1, 1891.

W. W. Carr,

Town Clerk.

Mr. C. F. Davis, editor of the Bloomfield, Iowa, Farmer, says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all sufferers with colds and croup. I have used it in my family for the past two years and have found it the best ever used for the purpose for which it is intended. 50 cent bottles for sale at the Palace Drug Store."

IN MUNICIPAL COURT,--ONEIDA COUNTY.

To C. L. SMITH, doing business as C. L. Smith, Lumber Co.

You are hereby notified that a warrant of attachment has been issued against you and your property attached to satisfy the demand of John C. Wilson and C. F. Brown, plaintiffs, against you and your property, in the sum of five dollars and fifty cents, \$5.50, unless you shall appear before Paul Brown, Municipal Judge of Oneida County, at the office of the Municipal Judge in the Village of Rhineland, in said county, on the 23rd day of March, 1891, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, judgment will be rendered against you and your property and the debt.

Dated this 15th day of March, 1891.

John C. Wilson and C. F. Brown, Plaintiffs.

CIRCUIT COURT, WAUPACA COUNTY.

Arthur Miller and S. E. Wright as administrators of the estate of Mrs. M. L. Wright, deceased.

VS.

M. E. Harrington and M. Johns, Defendants.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN, To the said Defendants, AND EACH OF THEM:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, excepted on or after the date of service, and defend the same, and if you fail to do so, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complainant, of which a copy is herewith Complaint filed with the clerk of said court Oneida Co.

F. C. Wren,

Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, New London, Waupaca Co., Wis.

SPRING HAS COME

Our Store, Shelving and Counters are now loaded with the most beautiful productions of Wash and Wool Fabrics of all descriptions, combining some of the finest novelties the eastern mills can produce. The prices we have placed upon these goods will make them go as fast as our first importation of Spring Goods three weeks ago.

NEW NOVELTIES

FOR YOUR INSPECTION:



Crepe Francais
Brocaded Henriettas
Canton Pongees
Alma Satins.
Sterling Sateens
French Satins
Dotted Muslins
Javanese Cloth
Belfast Lawn
Florentine Duck,--Newest Out.

Don't fail to Attend the Big Remnant Sale, Every Day.

ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

CHARLES E. CRUSOE & CO.

Rhineland, Wis.

THE ONEIDA CLOTHING HOUSE,

Watch for Spring Announcement next week. The Finest Stock ever brought to the city.

LOUIS ZOLINSKY, Prop.

New Meat Market!

Having purchased the business and fixtures of the firm of Hunt Bros. I am in the business of selling all kind

Meats and Provisions,

Fish, Poultry, Etc.

I ask a share of the public patronage and guarantee my best efforts to give you good honest weight of the best meats I can buy at market figures. Should be pleased to see you at the shop. Corner Davenport and Stevens streets. Very truly, E. C. VESSEY.

CHICAGO and NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

Through Sleeping and Parlor Car Line

FAST TRAINS

BETWEEN

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, APPLETON,

WAUSAU and ASHLAND.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and Montreal Iron and Steel

Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, Wakefield

And the Manufacturing Centers and Lumbering Districts of Central and Northern Wisconsin.

Sheboygan, Manitowish, Kaukauna, Appleton, Wausau, Antigo, Eagle River and Rhineland.

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Via ASHLAND and N. P. R. R. & S. F. R. R.

SUPERIOR, WEST SUPERIOR, DULUTH

Pacific Coast and Intermediate Points.

For Tickets, Maps, Time Tables and full information apply to Ticket Agent C. & N. W. Ry., Rhineland, Wis., or to the General Passenger and Ticket Agent at Chicago.

Milwaukee City Office, 102 Wisconsin St.

Chicago City Office, 20 Clark St.

W. H. NEWMAN, J. M. WATMAN,

Third Vice President, General Manager.

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO, ILL.

READ

"Out of the Jaws of Death."

Previous Chapters at this Office.

BENEATH THE CHIMNEYS TALL.

Where spiders stretch their silvery webs to compass 'bout their prey;
Where mice hold wonton revels all night long;
Where frost and clouds are ever near; where
people seldom call.
There dwells a very funny world, beneath the
chimneys tall.

There tigers, bears and elephants abide for aye
in peace;
The lion flings his tawny length beside the
lamb's white fleece;
And woolly dogs there are that never bark or
bark at all.
And blue-eyed China pussy cats, beneath the
chimneys tall.

A cheetah robs with winding horn still at the
saddle bow,
Who's won the brush in many a chase, no more
the field may know;
Two lions are off, his tail is gone, his nose
thumped by a fat
He's pastured in the meadow lots, beneath the
chimneys tall.

And horrid war has left its mark in this ad-
mirable place;
A score of soldiers headless lie—a captain in
gold lace;
The black, black-mouthed cannon piece that
sent the fatal ball
Is falling sadly to decay, beneath the chimneys
tall.

Fair women dames with faded cheeks and
gowns of silver lace
Dwell sadly now upon the days of glory they
have seen;
And gentlemen who once were first at tourna-
ment and ball
Have all retired to private life, beneath the
chimneys tall.

Old drums that never more will drum and
bells that will not blow,
Flags that forever more are furled, steamships
that will not go
With trains of cars and blocks enough to build
a Chinese wall
Are gathered all within the space beneath the
chimneys tall.

Where spiders stretch their silvery webs to
compass 'bout their prey;
Where mice hold wonton revels all night long;
Where frost and clouds are ever near; where
people seldom call.
There dwells a very funny world, beneath the
chimneys tall.

—Edith K. Stockley, in Banner of Gold.

DICK DOOLITTLE'S LESSON

WILLIAM L. CHASE.

He leaned across the pasture bars, calling:
"Molly! Molly!"

A woman came to the kitchen door—a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked woman; a woman with the look of one who can both plan and accomplish large things.

"Well?" she questioned.

"I want dinner early," he said. "I'm going to town this afternoon. Abner'll be here, too. I set him to plowing in the south lot this morning."

"But, Dick, you're not going off without cutting the wood?" called Molly, as he took up the gun he had stood against the fence, and, whistling to his dog, sauntered across the field.

"Dick," she called again; but he did not turn or look back; and Molly, catching up the baby girl that was clinging to her dress, ran lightly down the steps and around the corner of the house to the wood-pile.

There were several big logs that Dick had hauled from the woods just after New Year's, when he was "turning over a new leaf." Against the saw-horse he leaned the ax and the saw, like old cronies that were trying to wink at the gadman's sins of omission. But not a stick of wood ready for the stove was anywhere visible.

"Well," said Molly, "I'm sorry, but it must be done." The song of a robin flattered out upon the air—such a triumphant burst of melody that the baby clapped her hands and laughed.

"Oh," said Molly, "little Robin sings as if he was glad to get back home again, doesn't he, Jessie?"

Such a wonderful morning it was! Everything seemed to be rejoicing in the new awakening of nature. Far off, in the shadows of the woods, and in some sequestered fence corners, Molly could see the snow-drifts that still lingered, as if loth to leave such a glad, beautiful earth.

But there was work waiting to be done, and only one pair of hands to do it. They were strong, resolute hands, and Molly hurried back into the house, settling herself to the task before her with the deft fingers and wise forethought that always seemed to work such miracles in her homely world.

Little Jessie followed her about, watching with grave, sweet eyes while her mother skimmed the cream from the long row of shining pans in the milk-room and prepared the morning's churning. Then, while she churned and the little one quietly amused herself, Molly planned the day's campaign; or, rather, reinforced her courage for the attack already planned, with reasons that seemed to her both strong and just. The churning done, Jessie was at her side begging to be rocked to sleep.

"Sieg, 'lush, mamma," she said, laying the bright head against her mother's hand, that she had taken in both her own.

Molly drew her rocking chair near the south window, and, with Jessie cuddled close in loving arms, crooned softly to her sweet old hymn that has soothed so many childish hearts:

"Hush, my dear, be still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed."
It was not a part of Molly's wisdom to deny herself or her child the exquisite pleasure this afforded. Whatever might be said in support of the theory and practice of disciplining the little ones to forego this "coddling," Molly's true and tender mother heart was its own law giver, and with reverent joy she tasted daily of this cup of blessing; the purest and sweetest that life could ever bring. She knew that she had never come so near to Heaven's bliss as this. She knew the same ecstatic joy that Mary felt when she cradled in her arms

the infant Christ. And, in all the years to come, when never again that sunny head could rest upon her breast, there must always remain this blessed remembrance. Though, like Paul, she might be "in perils often," yet, though even "the sword might pierce her own soul," no deeper sorrow, no sharper trial, could ever rob her of this sacred memory.

When Jessie had fallen into the sweet, undreaming slumber of childhood, Molly laid her gently upon her bed, and, opening the door into the hall, ran quickly up the back stairs into the attic. From the cross-beams overhead hung great braided bunches of sweet corn, kept for seed. The air was redolent of pennyroyal, mint and sweet fern. Molly crossed the large, unfurnished room and stopped before a pile of ax-helms. They were of seasoned hickory and showed careful workmanship. Dick had hewn them out during some of the stormy winter days, intending to sell them at his leisure. He had shown not a little pride in the success of his work, and had exhibited them many times to admiring friends.

"About as good a job, I guess, as those hammers of Mayhew that they cry up to," he said sometimes, feeling that by this unusual effort and accomplishment he had cancelled many shortcomings.

"Poor Dick!" said Molly to herself, stooping to pick up one of the ax-helms. "Poor Dick! It's such a pity his mother hadn't taught him that no man liveth or dieth unto himself; then this lesson wouldn't have been needed. Mayhew, though, this strain of selfishness is something he takes from some old ancestor, and such traits are slow in coming to the surface sometimes. But, there! I've no time to climb genealogical trees. This is much more like cutting one down. As Parson Tremelow would say: 'It's foreordained.' That's it, I guess, and not so difficult to understand, either. Dick has certainly been a 'free agent'; there was nothing to keep him from cutting the wood. I've been patient, too, till he really makes capital of my patience, and expects me to 'manage somehow.' I've cut the wood myself, and even gone out into the woods gathering sticks, like the poor widow in the Bible. I've tried giving him cold dinners, and he only suks and goes off hunting. Yes, it must be done." Molly picked up the other ax-helms, and ran downstairs and out to the wood-pile. No Dick in sight and time to begin getting dinner. Far off in the woods she could hear the sound of his gun. One ax-helm after another was laid across the sawhorse and deftly sawed into lengths suitable for the stove, for experience had been an exacting teacher.

When Dick and Abner, the hired man, came into dinner they found it all ready, smoking hot, upon the table.

"Well," said Dick, "I'm tired; such a race as I had after that rabbit, and lost him, after all! He ate quickly, and said, as he pushed back his chair: 'You can harness, Abner; I've got other things to see to.' A moment after Molly heard him climbing the back stairs and creaking across the attic floor. He came down in a hurry, flinging open the door: 'Where's their ax-helms? Strange! I can't find any-'

thing where I leave it! I'm going to take 'em to town this afternoon. Where are they?"

Molly went to the stove, and, lifting the cover, said calmly: "Here are their ax-helms."

Dick looked at her for one moment in a dazed, uncomprehending way; then, as the truth flashed upon him, his face grew white with wrath. He turned and strode out of the house, slamming the door behind him till the very windows rattled. If he had been a club man, or of a stratum lower than his own, he would have vented his anger in a catharsis. But Dick Doolittle, nurtured by Christian parents, reverencing at least the letter of the law, only slammed the door.

Just at daybreak, the next morning, Molly was awakened by the ringing blows of an ax. When Dick came in to breakfast, Abner came with him. Dick was saying: "Well, we'll use that crosscut-saw and make quick work with the old logs. They say confession's good for the soul, and I might as well confess that I've been letting Molly lift the heaviest end."

He stooped and caught up Jessie, lifting her high above him, and then dropping her gently into her chair at the table. Molly turned and looked at Dick, and as long as he lived he remembered that look, with a thrill and heart-warmth that words alone could never give.—Woman's Journal.

—Willie—"Aunt, what do they call the man who hunts up the taxes?" Aunt Sarah—"Taxidermist, my course, because he skins every body."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Genuine—"Harry—"Do you believe Miss Pinkley's complexion is the real thing?" Kittle—"Well, it ought to be; it cost four dollars an ounce."—Detroit Free Press.

—The smallest hair throws its shadow.—Goethe.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

"The bee works harder than most people would believe. There are about sixty flower tubes in every head of clover, and only a tiny morsel of honey in each. In order to get enough sugar for a load the bee must visit about 6,000 different flowers, and each bee must make, on an average, twenty trips a day.

—Notwithstanding the fostering care of the French government, sheep breeding has declined in Algeria, and official reports show that for several years past there has been a progressive decrease in the number of sheep. The present number is estimated at 8,500,000, the estimates being based on official figures.

—During the last seven years the area devoted to indigo in India has been about 200,000 acres, but in 1912 it sunk nearly one-third. A favorable season and a rise in the price of indigo at Calcutta, led to a great extension of the industry in 1913, and the area of cultivation was estimated at 250,000 acres. The output was about 80 per cent. above the average rail exports for the last twelve years.

—If the reported results of recent researches in diphtheria by the bacteriological bureau of the New York health department are confirmed, they are extremely important. The power to transmit the infection of diphtheria, it is found, lingers sometimes for as much as twelve days and occasionally three or four weeks in patients who have made an apparently perfect recovery from this most deadly disease.

—Dr. William C. Brainin shows that in negroes the nasal canals are wider, shorter and less deep than in other races, and thereby less protection is afforded the lungs. The author believes that the African nose, being adapted to a tropical climate, is not suited for the colder climates, and that in this lies the greater susceptibility of the negro to consumption and other diseases depending upon irritating qualities in the atmosphere.

—Experiments in magnetizing and concentrating the low grade soft, red ores of some southern districts are in process, and said to be so far promising of good results. The consulting chemist of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, operating upon 2,000 pounds at a time of the crude ore which contained 10 per cent. of iron and 29 of silica, has been able to secure 57 per cent. of iron and reduce silica to 10 per cent.—Age of Steel.

—Obstinate nose bleeding is frequently one of the most difficult things to check. Several aggravated cases have lately occurred at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. As a last resort Dr. H. Hayes Agnew tried ham fat with great success. Two large cylinders of bacon were forced well into the nostrils and the hemorrhage ceased at once. This is a very simple remedy and one which should be remembered for cases of emergency in the country.

—The deepest boring of which we have any knowledge up to the present time, says Revue Scientifique, is at Barschowitz, in the district of Ribnik, in Western Silesia. The depth attained is 6,563 feet, and the diameter of the hole is only 2.75 inches. The work has been temporarily stopped, in order to lower special thermometers, which have been made with great accuracy, into the hole for the purpose of obtaining the temperature at different depths. The boring will then be resumed, and it is hoped that the depth of 8,200 feet will be reached.

—In a German medical journal Dr. P. Furbinger treats of the peanut as an article of food rich in albumen, of which it contains 47 per cent., together with 19 per cent. of fat and non-nitrogenous extractive matters. He recommends the use of roasted peanuts in the form of soup or mash. On account of their cheapness peanuts are recommended as a popular article of food, especially in poorhouses and the like; moreover, they are recommended as an article of food for the corpulent, diabetics and for the subjects of kidney disease. In the last mentioned of whom foods rich in animal albumen are to be avoided.—N. Y. Tribune.

Feeling His Way.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the tramp, "have you got any wool you want split?"

"No."

His face brightened.

"Any coal you need carried?"

"None whatever."

A smile stole over his features as he went on.

"Is there any work of any kind ye could call on me for?"

"No."

With intense relief, he said: "Thank yer, missus, for them assurances, even if yer charity don't go no farther. Yours is the last house that's let me pit 'round to the question tenar. Have yer got any cold victuals?"—Washington Star.

An Obvious Danger.

"Don't give that dish to that man!" hurriedly whispered the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Why not?" asked the waiter, who was serving a table d'hôte dinner to a guest.

"It's an eel. Don't you see he's already on the point of having the jim-jams?"—Chicago Tribune.

Evolution of a Card.

J. R. Smith, with Cheatem & Co., dry goods.

John R. Smith, manager Cheatem & Co., dry goods.

J. Randolph Smith, merchant.

J. Randolph Smythe, Judge.

An Artist.

Patient—"Can you draw a tooth, doctor?"

Dentist—"Well, I should say so. I'm a perfect artist in that line."—Detroit Free Press.

Turning the Tables.

Rezz—"Suppose, Miss Pinkerly, that you were a man and I were a woman. Would you—try to kiss me?"

Miss Pinkerly—"I don't know, I'm sure. What would you do?"—Truth.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Fresh Steward—"Don't I get any tips, sir?" Saloon Passenger—"Perhaps; if a storm comes up."—Washington News.

—Teacher—"Now, in parsing this sentence, 'The poem was long,' what do you do with poem?" Johnnie—"Put it in the waste basket."—Inter Ocean.

—Mrs. Hicks—"The girl broke only one dish to-day." Hicks—"How did that happen?" Mrs. Hicks—"It was the only one left."—N. Y. Herald.

—My husband complains that I'm sending him to the poorhouse." "And mine scolds me when I send him to the bank."—Munsey's Magazine.

—The Court—"What is the charge against this man?" Patrolman—"Resisting an officer." "What were the circumstances?" "I axed 'im for a cigar, an' he told me to go to."—Detroit Tribune.

—"Do you ever meet the Probusses, who moved down here from Milwaukee?" asked the visitor. "Lord, no," answered the Chicago lady. "They ain't in society. They're dead rank outsiders."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Customer—"How many yards are in the piece?" Clerk—"This is a whole bolt; not a yard has been cut off, and there is not another piece of goods like it in the stock; it— Customer—"Well, then you'll have to show me something else. I want enough for sleeves."—Inter Ocean.

—Jimmy (after they have fallen through the ice and been rescued)—"John! we'd better run for home, or we'll catch cold." Johnny—"Don't you fret about that; ma'll lick us so, when we get there, we'll get warm enough."—Boston Traveller.

—"Won't you sing us something, James?" said the mother-in-law, who was paying the second visit to her daughter within a month. "Certainly," answered the son-in-law; "what shall I sing?" "Anything you like," then James sat down at the piano and sang: "And that came back."—N. Y. Press.

"I understand you saw the play last night," said she. "No," replied the melancholy young man. "I was behind the woman with a high hat." "But you could at least sit comfortable and enjoy the music." "No, I was next to the man who spreads himself over three seats and keeps time with his feet."—Washington Star.

—New Father-in-Law—"Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter, I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house?" Bridegroom—"I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away."—Tit-Bits.

—An English Methodist paper says a well-meaning local preacher recently prayed that the Lord would "annihilate the queen and all the royal family." When he learned afterward what "annihilate" meant he was greatly distressed. "I dearly love the queen," he said, "and I thought she deserved the longest word I could get hold of."—N. Y. Tribune.

—As soon as a woman marries it is believed that she never again longs for any social amusement. A young married woman was skating on the river to-day, and there was a great deal of indignation because she was not at home setting yeast for the bread or making ash-lye. Some of the unmarried women who were indignant were a great deal older than the married culprit.—Athenian Globe.

—Had Seen Better Days—"This parrot, ma'am," said the dealer, "is one that I can recommend. It was in the family of a clergyman for many years." "Well, gents, what'll ye have? Name your pizen!" exclaimed the parrot with startling emphasis. "He was obliged to part with it, however," continued the dealer with an apologetic cough, "and for the last year or two it has belonged to the alderman from our ward."—Chicago Tribune.

"POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC."

Benjamin Franklin's First Introduction to Fame.

It was "Poor Richard's Almanac," which first made Franklin famous, and it was out of the mouth of Poor Richard that Franklin spoke most effectively to his fellow-countrymen. He had noticed that the almanac was often the only book in many houses, and he therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as incalculated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act aright honestly, as to use here one of those proverbs: "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright." By these pithy, pregnant sayings, carrying their moral home, fit to be pondered in the long winter evenings, Franklin taught Americans to be thrifty, to be forehanded, and to look for help only from themselves. The rest of the almanac was also interesting, especially the playful prefaces; for Franklin was the first of American humorists, and to this day he has not been surpassed in his own line. The best of the proverbs—original, all of them, but all so forthrightly freshened and sharpened by Franklin's shrewd wit—he assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefaced to the almanac of 1732, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. Thus compacted, the scattered counsels sped up and down the Atlantic coast, being copied into all the newspapers. The wise "Speech of Father Abraham" also traveled across the ocean and was reprinted in England as a broadside to be stuck up in houses for daily guidance. It was twice translated into French—being probably the first essay by an American author which had a circulation outside the domains of our language. It has been issued since in German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Portuguese, Gaelic and Greek. Without question it is what it has been called—"the most famous piece of literature the Colonies produced."—Brande Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Seattle, Wash., was so called after a powerful Indian chief of the neighborhood.

—The marriages with the deceased wife's sister or husband's brother numbered in France, in 1853, 255 per 100,000 marriages.

—One of the most disagreeable duties of the Hawaiian police is the examination and arrest of persons suspected of having leprosy.

—Some persons are so busy talking about what they intend accomplishing that they never find time to begin.—Young Men's Era.

—Some men are known by their words and works; others by the color of their neckties and the cut of their clothes.—Young Men's Era.

—Hobbie—"I got a awful toothache." Jimmie—"Been eatin' candy?" Hobbie—"No." "What made it then?" "Look-in' at the coal that's to be carried in."—Inter Ocean.

—Goldsmith's improvidence caused him great annoyance. He was more than once compelled to dodge his creditors and on at least one occasion was locked up for debt.

—Virgil's sore point was the fact that he could not converse pleasantly. He often envied the fops of the Roman court who could talk with ease on the ordinary subjects of the day.

—Gluck's life was made a burden by musical squabbles. He was a peaceable man, but it was his misfortune to be constantly mixed up in the broils of his admirers and their opponents.

—Little Rock took its name from a boulder on the shore. It was said to be the first bit of stone seen by the early voyagers on their way from the mouth of the river to that point and so they named the trading station Little Rock.

—From Arizona for three years past has come the earliest car load of American raisins shipped east. The season there is ahead of that of southern California, and the atmosphere is peculiarly suited to the curing of raisins.

—Gen. Booth, in opening the Salvation Army congress in New York November 11, said that during the past year more than 15,000,000 persons had attended the meetings. In the halls of the army and 10,000 children had been cared for while their mothers were at work.

—Henry Harrington, aged 65, of St. Paul, Minn., has arrived at Hazelton, Pa., having walked the entire 1,500 miles in quest of work. He left St. Paul September 20 and arrived at Hazelton, Tioga county, December 2, covering the distance in eleven weeks, making an average of 19 1/2 miles per day.

—Cicero was the greatest book collector of antiquity. One of his letters is extant in which he urges Atticus, a learned friend, who was compelled from poverty to sell his library at auction, not to dispose of the books at public sale, but to keep them until the writer is able to purchase them, Cicero adding that he is saving all his rents for that purpose.

—Cato learned Greek at 80; Plutarch Latin at 72; Dr. Johnson, a few months before his death, began to study Dutch; Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" were finished when he was 61; Montaldeo wrote his memoirs at 115; Cellina his autobiography at 55; Dryden began his translation of the "Iliad" at 63; Franklin began the study of natural philosophy at 20.

—Tomahawk, Ariz., owes its name to an attempted witticism. When Schiefelrin, the discoverer of the mines in that locality, was starting on his most successful prospecting tour he told a friend he was "going to discover a mine this time sure." The friend replied: "You'll discover a tombstone." In recollection of the rejoinder, Schiefelrin named the mines he found the Tombstone.

—New Zealand has twenty-five establishments in which mutton is frozen for the British market. The output is some two million fat sheep a year. The sheep used for this purpose are chiefly crosses of Merino and Down. Long-wooled breeds, Shropshire Downs and Lincoln are in much favor for rich, level pastures, while in hilly and broken situations Border Leicesters have proved quite successful for crossing on Merino ewes.

—Birmingham, Ala., is called the "Magic City of the South," on account of its phenomenal growth. Within easy reach of it is Red Mountain, with millions upon millions of tons of hematite ore and inexhaustible supplies of limestone and coal. Krupp once said: "Should fate drive me from Germany I would go to Birmingham, Ala." The London Times once prophesied that it would become the greatest metal-working city in America.

—Black grass, which is regarded only as a troublesome weed in Europe and America, is highly esteemed in Australia. The Australian Agriculturalist says of it: "It is a most valuable fodder, thrives on any soil, not easily affected by frost, and is the first to shoot out green in the spring. Cattle are very fond of it, the milk produced by it is of good quality, and the butter and cheese manufactured from such milk is generally a first-class article."

Improving a Bulgarian Town.

No European town has been more conspicuously improved in recent years than Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. A series of splendid boulevards has been extended through the mass of old narrow streets and Turkish houses, one encircling the city, while others run across it in various directions; and a still more spacious avenue, 197 feet wide, and set with six rows of trees, leads from the center of the town to the railway station, while another, called the Boulevard Stamboul, runs from the same point to the new park. This park is very large and is said to be well planted. A great public garden has also been formed in the middle of the town, with smaller gardens at various points, and a nursery, covering a hundred acres, has been established in the suburbs, where plants will be grown for the public grounds and will also be sold to private purchasers.—Garden and Forest.

HISTORY OF THE SLEEVE.

Norman Women First Dared to Add Embroidery.

The first approach among Grecian women to a sleeve was when they caught the folds of the diploion at intervals across the upper part of the arm with either jeweled agrafes or buttons. This simple device has been imitated in the sleeves of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, and more than once in the present day. The Saxon woman covered her arm close to the wrist in a tight envelope of cloth. This sleeve was warm and useful rather than ornamental, and it is curious that all through the middle ages the arm was similarly clothed. The dresses were generally more or less décollete, while the sleeve extended beyond the wrist and lay in a flat point on the back of the hand, permitting only the fingers to move.

The Norman woman dared not emancipate herself from the sleeve, but she dared diversify it. The Norman woman was skilled in cunning embroidery, and to give her fingers freer play she buttoned her sleeve up to her elbow on the inner side of the arm, so that, when occasion required, she was free to unfasten and throw it back. In the twelfth century the second or outer sleeve was elongated so much that it had to be knotted up out of the dirt. Industrious as the Norman lady was, she must have found her embroidery tiresome at times, and her only resource was to diversify as much as possible her sleeve and her head-dress.

The cut of the sleeve, as well as its shape, was curious; and in the thirteenth century the edges of everything—sleeve, gown and tunic—were cut into scallops. Rose leaves and other things were aptly imitated, and the satirists of the day were fierce in their disapprobation of this useless "slyttering," as they called it.

The open pendant sleeves required a lining, and ermine and other costly furs were used to line them. The fur was frequently turned over the edge, forming a handsome cuff, and women were not the worst offenders. The sleeve was brilliantly extravagant in the fourteenth century. Sometimes it expanded like a balloon; again it drooped like fantastic wings; then the outer sleeve was cut up its length, and the linen of the inner one was drawn out between, forming a long puffing. The linen shirt was the next new achievement, and the slashed outer sleeves allowed to be seen; and soon the simple linen was not considered fine enough by dandies, who began to use cambric and silk.

In the sixteenth century the sleeve asserted its independence, and it got detached from the gown, and made up separately for change and variety. Henry VIII. had a variety of sleeves in his wardrobe, and his daughter, Elizabeth, improved upon the idea. The dressmakers of to-day might borrow many a hint from the wardrobes of these two. Henry VIII.'s had resplendent green velvet ones, richly embroidered with flowers of damask gold, and having a raised design of Venetian gold cord upon it. Each sleeve had six buttons of gold, and on each was a heart. The damask flowers were also set with pearls. Another pair of sleeves were of black silk, with strawberry leaves and flowers embroidered in gold. The women of this century wore both elaborately slashed and embroidered linen sleeves and detached outer sleeves, which hung from the shoulders. These were often tied into "love-knots."

Till the close of Henry VIII.'s reign the fashion of inner and outer sleeves prevailed; but by degrees there were signs that the outer sleeve would soon have to retire from its place.

Elizabeth, that woman of many reforms, completed the transformation, and almost entirely discarded the outer sleeve. The inner, now the only sleeve, was as gorgeous as it might be, and was an honored item in Elizabeth's marvelous wardrobe.

The flat lace collars of the early half of the seventeenth century had a depressing effect on the sleeve. It was still full, but it was flattened at the shoulder, and the broad lace cuff was turned back from the wrist. It was not till the latter half of that century that the elbow sleeves became common in England, coming from France.

Watteau did his best for it. He revived its ancient splendors as well as he might, and there is a grace and a diversity about his sleeves that few could equal. The eighteenth century was emphatically the age of the elbow sleeve, with its finish of real lace and ornaments of fluttering ribbons.

In the days of the French revolution sleeves finally vanished. The Empress Josephine permitted a slight and graceful puff near the shoulder, and the sleeve again began to be used by degrees. Velvet and silk were held out by whalebone, buckram and cushions of all sorts. But it remained short, ending high above the elbow.

At last it was found that the sleeve was necessary to health, but it was not lovely in form, and all sorts of uncouth, ungainly shapes were tried throughout the middle of this century. It remained for the pre-Raphaelite to complete its reform, and to bring the quaintness, the splendor and grace of the medieval sleeve into vogue once more, and to-day it would seem as if the golden age of the sleeve had come again, so diversified are its shapes, so numerous its graces.—Queen of Fashion.

Disparaging His Own Works.

A man who died recently in Berlin, Rensselaer county, at the age of 73, left a record which he began when 18 years old and continued for fifty-two years. The book, filled with methodical entries, shows that in these fifty-two years the man had smoked 624,715 cigars, of which he had received 32,629 as presents, while for the remaining 591,086 he had paid \$10,472. In the fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drunk 23,795 glasses of beer and 24,031 glasses of spirits, for which he spent \$3,250. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing."—Albany Express.

SATANKA-E-O-TOCHA.

Sitting Bull's Name in the Sioux Language—He Was a Coward.

The name of Sitting Bull in the Sioux language is "Satanka-e-o-tocha." The circumstance from which this name, which means "The Sitting Bull Down," was given him was that when only a lad he, single-handed and alone, killed a half-grown buffalo, and, partly carrying and partly dragging it, brought it several miles nearly to his father's tepee, where he sank exhausted under his load, with the head and forelegs of the dead buffalo upon his shoulders, in which situation he was discovered by some of his tribe. His position suggested the name, as proper names of Indians are always suggestive of the circumstances under which they were named.

As nearly as can be ascertained from Sitting Bull's own tradition he was between 57 and 58 years old at the time of his death. He was a typical savage, and lived and died an implacable hater of the white people. He was not a chief by heritage, but gained recognition and influence as such by acts of self-torture and playing upon the superstitions of the aborigines.

While he was bloodthirsty and always inciting his followers to enmity against whites, he was cowardly, and the white blood charged against him was more from his instigation of others than from his own hands. He ran and hid himself when his camp was attacked on the Little Big Horn, in 1876, by Gen. Reno, and he was not present at the hand-to-hand conflict known as the Custer massacre, but he came upon the ground after the battle was over and is said to have led in mutilating the dead.

The good Bishop Marty, of South Dakota, spent weeks and months trying to temper down the old savage's nature and instill into his heart some Christian feeling, as did also Father Steven, who officiated as priest for this parish some years ago, but it was all for naught.—Chicago News.

"What makes Mr. Snapper so fond of the children next door?" Mrs. Snapper—Because they cry most of the time.—"That's a strange reason." "Oh, no, it isn't; it shows the voice of the young lady who sings in the flat above."



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

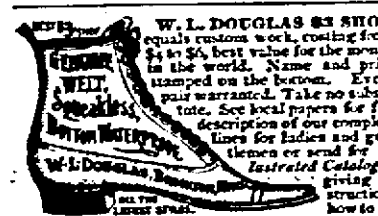
"Almost as Palatable as Milk"

This is a fact with regard to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The difference between the oil, in its plain state, is very apparent. In

Scott's Emulsion

you detect no fish-oil taste. As it is a help to digestion there is no after effect except good effect. Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion is the best promoter of flesh and strength known to science.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



Buy "COLCHESTER" the RUBBER CO.'S "SPRING BOOT"

If You Want a First-Class Article.

CANCER permanently cured. See the advertisement in this paper.

PAYS IN FULL.

The Lehigh Company Has Liquidated Its Debt of \$1,250,000.

CHICAGO, March 6.—The Lehigh Coal & Iron company, which went into a receiver's hands in April, 1893, has been declared restored to solvency. In his chambers at Milwaukee Saturday Judge Jenkins of the United States circuit court entered an order discharging the receiver and directing that the estate be returned to the corporation. Duplicate copies of the order will be filed today in the United States circuit courts in this city, Madison, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn. Immediately thereafter checks to the creditors for the full amount of their claims will be sent from President Doty's office, and this action will relegate to history a failure which, both in its extent and the celebrity with which the intricate complications growing out of it were settled, will, it is said, stand out prominently for a long time to come. The company failed for \$1,250,000. Under the direction of Judge Jenkins it has transacted a business of \$6,000,000 during the last year, and, as said, is able to pay all its creditors in full.

[The collapse of the Lehigh Coal & Iron company last April, on account of the gloomy business outlook at the time, and the well known public interest in its affairs, was one of the sensations of the year. In a measure it may be said to have inaugurated the panic for when the Lehigh company's consideration was widespread in the business world. The largest coal company in the United States, it had long been regarded as the richest and most powerful in the field. It had almost unlimited dockage facilities for handling the products of its mines and its great freight steamers rode on almost every waterway between Buffalo and Chicago. The company did a business of \$200,000,000 of coal a year and its coke ovens discharged 1,000 tons of coke in addition to the coke used in its own plants. Its fields extended from West Virginia through Pennsylvania and Ohio and up to the West Superior region. Naturally the collapse of such a gigantic concern shook business houses in half a dozen states.]

The failure of the Lehigh Coal & Iron company was precipitated by the collapse of A. G. Yates, of Rochester, president of the Rochester, Buffalo & Pittsburgh railroad. Mr. Yates, who was president of the Lehigh company, and while an attempt was made at the time to deny that his individual failure would affect the company, the crash could not long be postponed. Directly after the tumble of Mr. Yates, H. H. Warner, the patent medicine man, sank and his failure was speedily followed by that of the Ohio Coal Exchange company, the Cresswell Coal Mining company, the Manitowish Coal & Railway company, and the Lehigh & Franklin Coal company. All these were feeders of the Lehigh Coal & Iron company, and the big company fell with them. For a time its furnace fires were banked and all its mines were idle.]

Fifty-six banks were caught when the company tumbled. Among the most conspicuous creditors were the late James G. Blaine, Senator from Maine, and Senator Bruce of Ohio, ex-Senator Sands of West Virginia and a number of other public men.

When the company went down President Yates resigned and Capt. L. R. Doty was chosen to succeed him, and a few days later Judge Jenkins appointed the new president receiver of the company. Soon after Receiver Doty took charge he and Judge Jenkins outlined the policy for the company and managed its affairs with the greatest care. They reduced expenses wherever it could be done, but it is doubtful whether either of them expected to discharge the enormous debt which the company had incurred. After a year it became apparent that all creditors would be satisfied it was determined to ask for the receiver's discharge.

It is said that this affair is without parallel in two respects—first, in that the judge permitted the receiver to be discharged before debts had actually been paid, and second, in that such a gigantic concern earned enough in a year, under the management of a United States circuit judge, to actually pay all its debts.]

A GREAT CRUSADE.

Temperance Advocates Preparing for an Important Move.

NEW YORK, March 6.—The World's Women's Christian Temperance union has been preparing a petition against the traffic in alcohol, opium and against legalized vice, to be presented to all the governments of the world. Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard have been appointed as the deputation to convey this petition to the different governments. The petition itself has now reached an unprecedented length of over 2,000,000 signatures, and with the attestation of certain great societies there will not be less than 3,000,000. According to the forthcoming number of the Review of the Churches, Dr. Lunn, the editor, has been requested by these women to organize a demonstration around the world. With this purpose in view, a first-class steamship is to be immediately chartered, and a party of 100 will be organized to accompany Lady Somerset and Miss Willard in this remarkable crusade.

The crusade will commence at the annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance union, to be held in the United States next October. The delegation will then proceed to Washington, where the petition will be presented to the government. Leaving New York on October 24, the contingent will join the British contingent in the great demonstration at Exeter hall on November 1 or 2. The crusaders' steamer will leave London on Saturday, November 2, arriving at Naples on Monday, November 12. A visit will then be paid to Rome, where it is hoped that his holiness the pope and the king of Italy will each receive the delegation. The next capital to be visited will be Athens, where the king of Greece will be presented with the petition. Jerusalem will be the next point on the programme, and the petition is to be presented to the patriarch of Jerusalem, after which the khedive will be visited at Cairo. The east will then be visited and the return made across the Pacific.

CINCINNATI SPREADS OUT.

Five Neighboring Villages, with 10,000 Population, Have Been Annexed.

CINCINNATI, March 6.—Under the authority of an act of the state legislature, the Cincinnati board of legislation has passed an ordinance annexing to the city the adjacent villages of Westwood, Clifton, Avondale, Linwood and Riverside. Mayor Mosby signed the ordinance, making it immediately effective. This will add from 10,000 to 15,000 to the population of the city. Some of the villages may resist annexation by an appeal to the courts.

THREE SHOT DOWN.

Fatal Result of a Political Quarrel in Mississippi.

Rev. Mr. Ratliff Kills Representative Jackson and a Hystander at Kosciusko.—Another Spectator Is Mortally Wounded.

A SOUTHERN TRAGEDY.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 6.—The most sensational tragedy in the history of Mississippi occurred at Kosciusko, the county seat of Attala county, Saturday. S. A. Jackson, a member of the state legislature and one of the most prominent Democratic politicians in the state, was shot and instantly killed and Samuel Russell and William Sanders, two innocent bystanders, fatally wounded by Rev. W. P. Ratliff, also a member of the legislature and one of the leaders of the populist party in Missouri.

The tragedy was the culmination of a political feud of long standing which was brought to a climax by a bitter newspaper controversy. Ratliff published an editorial in his paper, the Vindicator, reflecting on Jackson's vote in the recent contest in the legislature over the election of a successor to United States Senator Walcott. Jackson replied in a card in another paper, in which he denounced Ratliff as a liar.

The two men met at the courthouse in Kosciusko Saturday for the first time since the publication of Jackson's article. There was a large crowd on hand attending a bankrupt sale by the sheriff. No one noticed the meeting of the two men until they began scuffling in the courthouse door. Both Ratliff and Jackson pulled their revolvers and began a terrible duel to the death.

When the smoke of battle cleared away Jackson was found with a bullet hole in his forehead, while his right arm near the shoulder was shattered by a glancing shot aimed at his head. A few feet away lay Samuel Russell and William Sanders, two bystanders, with mortal wounds. Russell was shot through the head and expired in a few minutes. Sanders was shot in the thigh and is expected to die. Ratliff discharged every chamber of his revolver, and finding that he had no more ammunition, he coolly stood and watched the writhing of his victims until the sheriff arrested him and took him to jail.

Ratliff was seen in the jail and asked for a statement, but he refused to talk further than to say he shot Jackson in self-defense. Jackson was a prominent merchant of Kosciusko and was reputed to be a wealthy man. He leaves a wife and several children.

Russell and Sanders, the bystanders who were shot, were farmers. The jail is strongly guarded to prevent Ratliff being lynched by Jackson's friends.

Mr. Ratliff was leader of the populist party in this section, and represented this county in the legislature. He is a "hardshell" Baptist preacher.

GOT HIS RELEASE.

Ed Williamson, the Famous Shortstop, Dies at Hot Springs.

CHICAGO, March 6.—A telegram from Hot Springs, Ark., on Sunday announced the death of Ed N. Williamson, the famous ex-shortstop of the Chicago baseball club. His death was caused by diphtheria. Williamson grew very poorly after he stopped playing ball in the fall of 1890. His health, however, was not considered in jeopardy until last December.

[Williamson was probably the greatest all-around ball player who ever donned a uniform. In addition to his skill at shortstop Williamson was a good catcher and a first-class pitcher. He played little in the outfield because his skill was in greater demand elsewhere, but he doubtless would have become an unsurpassed outfielder. He was one of the best batters in the profession and was a brilliant base runner, being a clever slider. He was also the undisputed champion long-distance thrower of the profession, and easily won the prize offered for that feat in Cincinnati in the fall of 1890.]

He was 35 years of age. He played his first engagement as a professional ball player with the Newcastle (Pa.) team in 1878. Before the close of that season he accepted an engagement with the Alleghenies, of Pennsylvania, a professional team, which while a member of no organization, was one of the strongest clubs in the country. He remained there over a year and then accepted a place in the team that was being formed to represent Indianapolis in the league in 1879. At the end of the season he left the Indianapolis and joined the Chicago club, with which organization he remained until 1890, at which time, going to an injury incurred in Paris while on the famous tour of the world trip, he was compelled to retire. Since then he has been engaged in the saloon business in this city.]

HAVE A RIGHT TO QUIT.

Admission That Judge Jenkins' Order Was Too Sweeping.

MILWAUKEE, March 6.—The attorneys for the Northern Pacific receivers admitted Saturday that the injunctive orders of Judge Jenkins might be too sweeping and said they would not object to their modification. This is an important concession to the railroad labor chiefs who are making the fight and who want to know if strikes are to come under the ban of the federal courts.

The arguments on the motion to modify the anti-strike orders by eliminating the portions objectionable to the railroad chiefs was concluded late Saturday afternoon. Judge Jenkins took the matter under advisement and his decision will probably not be announced for a week or two.

EXPLOSION OF POWDER.

One Man Killed and Two Others Injured at Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 6.—An explosion occurred in the barrel house of the Monaca powder works. Thomas Weir was killed. Archie Diamond and Dewitt Stanton were seriously injured. The force of the explosion was terrific, nearly every pane of glass in the Monaca works was broken. The entire end of the building was blown to pieces, and there is danger of the remaining part of the structure collapsing.

HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

New Ex-Congressman Ranney Did Himself of a Troublesome Bedfellow.

Ex-Congressman A. A. Ranney, of Massachusetts, who is accredited with the leadership of the Boston bar, gave evidence very early in life of the strength of purpose which has characterized his subsequent career.

As a boy it was decreed by his stern old father that he and an elder brother should occupy the same bedroom and share the same bed. The future congressman disliked this arrangement exceedingly, for the substantial reason that his brother possessed a constitutional tendency to kick the person with whom he chanced to be sleeping out of bed. On cold winter nights, young Ranney would awaken shivering, to find that his restless bedfellow had acquired in the course of an erratic slumber all the bed clothes, and was wrapped up in them like an Indian papoose. The boy bore the affliction uncompainfully for many weeks. Never a word said he in the family circle of the kicks he was obliged to submit to, or the cold baths of freezing temperature which roused him so often from pleasant dreams.

One night, shortly after twelve strokes had rung from the deep-toned bell in the tower of the town hall, the household was awakened by a loud hammering, which seemed to proceed from an upper room. Father Ranney hurriedly donned his trousers, and taking a good stout club for protection, stole upstairs to take the thief unawares. The hammering grew louder as he approached the room occupied by his sons. He crept softly to the door and listened. Bang went the hammer again, and yet again, and with each stroke a heavy nail seemed to have been driven further home.

Ranney pere waited no longer, but threw the door wide open. A strange spectacle confronted him. His eldest son lay fast asleep and snoring on one side of the bed. On the opposite side the future congressman was kneeling on the floor, busily engaged in nailing the bedclothing to the sideboard of the couch.

"What are you doing there?" roared the irate father.

"Why," replied this extraordinary boy, calmly, "I was just fixing these bedclothes so that he couldn't kick 'em off, as he has been doing for the last six weeks."

Then there was a scene, but the boy did not lose his temper, although he complied with his father's command to remove the nails he had driven into the bed. But it is worth noting that shortly after he was given a bed to himself.—N. Y. Herald.

216 BBS. 8 LBS. OATS FROM ONE BBS. SEED.

This remarkable, almost unheard-of, yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great Northern Oats, carefully tilled and irrigated same, and believes that in 1894 he can grow from one bushel of Great Northern Oats three hundred bushels. It's a wonderful oat, 20 sorts field corn, yielding 80 to 120 bushels per acre. [a]

If you will CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 5c postage to the above firm you will receive sample package of above oats and their farm seed catalogue. [x]

Sue—"They say my sister has a prettier figure than I. But sure of her answer, whose figure do you like best, Jack, dear? He (fervently)—Your father's, darling!"—Brooklyn Life.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the most powerful purgatives. The perfect cure of cataract is the result of the perfect cure of the blood. The two ingredients in what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 50c. Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

ALWAYS GETS THERE.—Jack Potter—"Well, there's one thing in this world that nearly always gets it done." Ned Freshet—"What's that?" Jack Potter—"The club."—Brooklyn Life.

IT'S A MILLSTONE



About a young man's neck to be a sufferer from nervous exhaustion, nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from unnatural, pernicious habits contracted through ignorance. Such habits result in loss of brain, wreck the constitution and sometimes produce softening of the brain, epilepsy, paralysis, and even dread insanity.

To reach, reclaim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book written in plain but choice language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by long treatment of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.



"My wife, after using 'MOTHER'S FRIEND,' passed through the ordeal with little pain, was stronger in one hour than in a week after the birth of her former child.

—J. J. McGOLDRICK, Bean Station, Tenn.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" robbed pain of its terror and shortened labor. I have the healthiest child I ever saw.—Mrs. L. M. AHERN, Cochran, Ga.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Book "TO MOTHERS" mailed free.

Sold by All Druggists. BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Adams, Pa.

GROCERS recommend the ROYAL BAKING POWDER because they desire to please their customers, and customers are most pleased when they get the best and the most for their money. ROYAL BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure, goes further, and makes better food than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

"Hit am er great ting ter be consistent, but not too much so," remarked Uncle Eben. "Be clock in de jeweler's sign dat alius pints ter twenty minutes past right is one ob de mos' consistent things what in."—Washington Star.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

"Now, listen, Freddie; the doctor said that it was that little bit of candy you ate last night that made you sick." "Well, you know how I asked you over and over to give me a whole lot?"

100 World's Fair Photos for \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Geo. H. Hearson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

"Where do we get cream of tartar?" asked the pretty schoolma'am. "From Russian cows," was Johnny Snapp's prompt answer. —Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Farm Renters May Become Farm Owners

If they move to Nebraska, before the price of land climbs out of sight. Write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for free pamphlet. It tells all about everything you need to know.

It is an indisputable fact that every man who wears his pants in his vest pocket is behind time.—Philadelphia Record.

IF YOU WANT TO FEEL A PERFECT CURE PROMPTLY, OF LUMBAGO, ST. JACOBS OIL WILL DO IT AS NOTHING ELSE CAN DO.

SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS ARE THE BEST! JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

I TOLD YOU SO.



Mirandy Hanks and Betsy Swan, Talked on, and on, and on, and on: "Mirandy, surely you're not through Your washing, and your scrubbing, too?" "Yes! Mrs. Swan, two hours ago, And everything's as white as snow; But then, you see, it's all because I use the SOAP called SANTA CLAUS."

SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

WISCONSIN LAND FOR SALE. 80 ACRES TIMBER LAND. Price Co., Wisconsin. WILL BE SOLD AT A BARGAIN. Address J. E. BARNES, 308 Dearborn St., Chicago. 10 CENTS THIS PAPER every time you see it.

GOOD LUCK STAMPING OUTLET. PAPER, PAST, and a copy of the 1894-1895 Directory, Stamp, etc., mailed on receipt of 10 CENTS. BARNES, 308 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO. 10 CENTS THIS PAPER every time you see it.

PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. BEECHER'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. BEECHER'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A. N. K.—G. 1190.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



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CHAPTER VII A NEW LIFE.

Taras had in the summary of a morning newspaper:

"An extraordinary case of attempted suicide came before the poor man's friend yesterday and is reported in our columns. The prisoner, a respectable dressed young woman, was seen to walk deliberately into the river of Greenwich marshes and was rescued only just in time for life to be restored. She has persistently refused to open her lips in reply to questions, and the only clue by which she may possibly be identified is a mysterious ring which was found worn on a piece of ribbon about her neck. It is a man's ring made of wrought iron with the device in Russian characters running around it. 'My life is mine.'"

He found the report under the lead of "Police Intelligence."

THAMES POLICE COURT.—A young woman, whose name, age, etc., were marked "unknown" on the charge sheet, was brought up for having attempted to commit suicide. Inspector Lawson explained that he had been unable to fill in the charge sheet as prisoner had obstinately refused to answer questions and indeed had not spoken one word since she had been in custody. He could not say whether her silence was the result of perversity or inability to speak or to understand. The only indication of her nationality was a man's ring made of wrought iron, which had been found on a strip of handkerchief tied round her neck, and which had an inscription running round it in foreign characters which he believed were Greek. On the ring being handed up to the magistrate he said the device was in Russian and meant "My life is mine." Addressing the prisoner in this language the magistrate put several questions without effect, showing maintaining perfect silence, though showing the utmost anxiety to recover the ring and seizing it with savage delight when the magistrate had passed over to her.

Inspector Lawson said that the prisoner was seen from the Warpside police station off Greenwich marshes to walk deliberately into the river. A rescue crew was sent out at once, but prisoner was unconscious when picked up. He had been unable to gather any particulars regarding her, excepting that she had been seen in High street, Greenwich, early that morning, with no covering but a light wrap, and completely drenched with exposure to the heavy rain.

The magistrate again addressed the prisoner with his customary kindness and sympathy, but failing to obtain the slightest response remanded her, at the same time expressing a hope that the report would give publicity to the case in order that the prisoner's friends, if she had any, might come to her assistance. The following is a description of the young woman: Height, 5 feet 5 inches; probable age, 25; hair dark chestnut, eyebrows and lashes of a deeper shade; eyes dark brown, features long, irregular, delicate, but pinched and hardened by privations; fingers long, tapered, and stained; dress, plain but well made, but obviously too large for her slight figure; high laced button boots, also too large; ears unpierced, and no ornament whatever except the above mentioned ring.

Taras came to me—with what dispatch I can imagine, knowing his unshaking swiftness to relieve distress. I was brooding in the police cell, seated on my bed with my chin resting in my hands, when I heard the grating in the door moved. I had been visited already, questioned and lectured enough, and I sat there motionless under this last inspection in sudden determination to let nothing move me. But at the words, "That is she," I started to my feet, in an instant recognizing the voice of Taras, and waited while the door was being opened for him to enter with such trembling fear as I had not felt before the magistrate who might send me to a prison or a madhouse. Did he, too, regard it as a crime to try to end one's misery? Had he come to reproach me with my sin? I hung my head, fearing to read my condemnation in his face.

"My little friend," he said.

The true ring of sympathy in his voice, the look of tender compassion I found in his eyes as I lifted mine, told me that he forgave me, and with an involuntary cry of joy I caught the two hands that he held out to me.

He spoke to the warden, who after a little hesitation withdrew, leaving us alone. Then I whispered to Taras:

"You've heard all about it."

"As much as I want to know," he replied.

"And you don't mind?"

"I mind so much as this—that if I can make life endurable to you I will."

"I won't do it again if you tell me not to."

"I'll bear anything—I've made my mind up to it. Will you come and see me again?"

"See you again? Why, you don't think I mean to leave you here?"

"I didn't know. Do you think you can get me off?"

"There's very little difficulty about that."

"He's left the door ajar, and if I open it gets in the street?" I stopped, for a smile on his face told me that he did not intend to get me off in this way.

"There's no need to run the gamut," said he. "The magistrate is a good and reasonable man. I will tell him all I know about you." Then he stopped, seeing my dismay at this proposal.

"Don't you want me to tell him?" he asked.

"I don't mind—not much. Do what you like. I won't complain. Only he won't let me off—he can't. Presumably you're a foreigner you don't know that in this country what I've done is a capital job."

"What?" he exclaimed, with another smile, "hang a girl for trying to kill herself?"

I saw that we were playing at cross purposes, and after a minute's silence I said:

"I thought you knew all, but you don't. I thought it had been in all the newspapers and every one was talking about it. I was a good deal told you at first, but I turned it off when I saw you look at me so terribly. But I'll tell you now, because I can't bear to think I ain't settling square with you—you're so kind to me. Only you won't be too angry with me, will you? And you'll come and see me again one of these days 'fore it's all up with me, left?"

"Tell me what you mean, little friend, for heaven's sake!" he said earnestly.

"I don't know, not like I made out, but real done for 'em. I smashed the key with a stone and shot 'em back down the hole and set the cellar all afire—true, as being I did." And then I narrated in detail what took place after I led him down by the chain and before I rejoined him on the stairs.

He listened in mute amazement, without a word, but with such gutters running in his eyes that, having finished my story, I found courage to touch his arm and say:

"You ain't a god to shrink from me, I do what I didn't know you wouldn't like, are you?"

"God forbid," he said, pressing my hand.

"If you did this thing, I am responsible—not you—and if punishment is to follow I will take my full share."

Holding my hand, as if to assure me of the bond of fellowship, he stood for some moments silent in thought. Then, after putting a few rapid questions to me, his face brightened and he said:

"I am a good little friend. That Monaghan had to be hard to be smashed by the slight fall of a stone. The lamp upon the earthen floor of a brick cellar would not hold sufficient kerosene to set fire to the floor above. If the house had been turned down, the bodies of these two men would have been unearthed, and the tragedy could not have escaped the notice of my friends in the Minors. I will go and find out the truth. If the men are killed, I will come back and give myself up to the police for my share in the murder. If they are not, you shall leave this cell before noon. In any case I will see you again quite soon."

The cab that brought him stood outside the station. He sprang in, telling the driver to go to Street Apple Lane. As he turned to go, Taras saw his first hope was realized. The Minister's Joy still stood there, and a minute after the cab was gone, and a minute after the door was open, and where he had been thrown down and overpowered a few minutes before. There his second hope was partly gratified. Putty stood behind the bar with one arm in a sling, a patch over his eye and otherwise looking rather the worse for recent events, but still alive. At the sight of Taras standing there before him with that stream, resolute face and formidable proportions, his jaw fell.

"You didn't mean to round on me, mister, are you?" he asked in a tone of abject remembrance. "It wasn't no fault of mine. I didn't know what they was after. And look here, I've had a pretty good doin' for it one way and another—what of getting my eye grappled with knuckled out, and my arm which broke, as you may say, along of that feller a-doin' all the way down that hole stop of me, and all down there, and a new suit of clothes from off my body, with internal injuries as causes me that ill-convenient can't sleep a wink all night. And get round for it, mister. Why, I'm blessed if I don't wish I hadn't never seen the light, only bound with his knuckled."

"Where is he now?" asked Taras sternly.

"Well, that's more than I can tell you, mister, and I'd round on him if I could—that's true as leaving for the night, but that's a feller for all the damage done, to say nothing of what he promised, which comes of the feller and being a fool not to stand by you as are a real gentleman and won't be too hard on a poor fellow, I know. However, it's a comfort to know as he got his feller cracked by that feller stone a-wallopin' down on him and sent him right and left, and he was able to show his ugly face outside a house for weeks to come through getting burnt along of the lighted feller, and I'm sure, and I give him a tidy doin' down, too, though if you only knew what I suffered down that hole and well right down, too—the pair of us—and then as near suffocated with smoke as it didn't matter what, afore we managed to get up out of the cellar."

Taras waited to hear no more, but turned his back and left the Minister's Joy without a word—thoughtless not less to the astonishment than to the satisfaction of the apprehensive Putty.

From Putty's stairs Taras hurried back to the Thames police court. It was still early. The magistrate was hearing applications in his private room. Taras sent in his card, with a few words written below, and obtained an immediate interview, in which, with characteristic candor and directness, he briefly told what he knew of his history, leaving the magistrate to form his own conclusions as to the cause of my attempt to destroy myself, and offered to give evidence for my better behavior in the future. But before he had arrived at this point the magistrate wrote an order and dispatched it to the station. The officer who brought it took me back to the court. Taras was standing at the door, and I saw by the light in his face that he had good news for me.

"The man are living," he said as I passed him.

The magistrate had just taken his seat when I was led into the dock. He refrained from putting any questions, but spoke to me at some length in a tone of severity. The tone was all I heard, for my thoughts were wholly occupied with conjectures as to the course Taras would take in the future. It mattered very little to me whether I went to prison or returned to such an existence as I had hitherto led in the street. The more important question was whether Taras would come sometimes to give me a kind look, or whether having done so much he would feel himself released from any further concern for my welfare and so leave me to my fate. These speculations were broken up by the warden's "Come on down," said he, touching my arm.

"Don't you hear? You're discharged."

I left the dock, and another "remand" I left my place. Taras beckoned me, and taking me out the court put me in the cab waiting there. I did not catch the address he gave to the driver, but to my great joy he sprang up and seated himself beside me.

"Are you going to take me back to the old cell?" he asked.

"No," said he, "we must find a better world than that."

"The Minors?" I asked, with a recollection of the fair haired woman.

He shook his head and said:

"You must forget all that is past, for you have to begin a new life, little friend."

CHAPTER VIII TARAS.

The cab stopped on the Albert embankment nearly opposite Lambeth Bridge. Taras stepped out and gave me his hand as if I were a lady. The dingy old house before us had been a shop. Taras took it for the view it commanded of the river and turned it into a dwelling house. What had been the shop front was draped with a blue muslin curtain within, drawn back behind a shelf on which stood some pots of paint and brushes.

While Taras was paying the cabman one of the curtains was pulled aside, a face appeared for a moment, and the next minute the door opened, and there I found a woman looking at me with eyes as strange as the window from which she had first peeped out. She was so stout that she quite filled up the doorway, and her proportions were the most noticeable for a big woman of darning machine woman over her lace cotton dress. On her head was an equally dazzling head of a cap I had never seen before, elaborately goffered, with the strings carefully tied in a face broad low under her curls. There was a pretty wave of silver hair growing low on her forehead, and on came her great broad face, with its expression of healthy cheerfulness, not less remarkable to the eyes of an east Londoner than the pink and open countenance and cleanliness of her dress.

Her dark eyes looked as if they might flash at times with passionate anger, but the lines about them were pleasant traces left by mirth, and her long upper lip and broad mouth seemed made for laughter and good cheer. Her labial mobility, however, was less obvious just then, for she scanned me with a distinctly unfavorable eye, and

her paired lips showed that she disapproved of her master bringing home such a visitor. Had I been well dressed, or only tolerably good looking, it would have been another thing. But she respected and loved Taras too well to let him read her dissatisfaction, and drawing back into the passage as he led me in she received us with a profound bow and opened the door of the adjoining room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

NORTHBOUND.

No. 1—Daily. 2:45 P. M.

No. 2—A-Bus. Mail and Express. 1:15 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND.

No. 1—Daily. 11:45 P. M.

No. 2—A-Bus. Mail and Express. 10:15 P. M.

H. C. BREMER, AGENT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y.

EASTBOUND.

Passenger, Daily. 11:45 P. M.

Freight. 6:30 P. M.

WESTBOUND.

Passenger, Daily. 5:16 A. M.

Freight. 5:32 A. M.

Connect at Tomahawk Junction for Tomahawk.

C. M. CHAMBERS, AGENT.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK STATEMENT.

Report of the condition of the First National Bank at Rhinelander, Wis., for the year ending December 31, 1914.

RESOURCES.

Capital and Surplus. \$100,000.00

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured. 12,500.00

U. S. Bonds on reserve. 12,500.00

Trust funds on U. S. Bonds. 12,500.00

Banking house, furniture, and fixtures. 2,500.00

Real estate on reserve. 2,500.00

Due from State Banks and Bankers. 2,500.00

Due from National Banks. 2,500.00

Due from other banks. 2,500.00

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The Century War Papers.

The Milwaukee Journal made a tentative strike when it closed a contract with the Century company of New York for the new popular edition of The Century War Book. The Journal company has obtained the exclusive right to issue this edition of the celebrated war papers in Wisconsin and will have the first number ready for delivery about March 19. The papers will be published in portfolio form in twenty parts. They are the same papers formerly issued by the Century company in magazine form, and which created such widespread interest throughout the country, but they have been corrected and condensed so that while all the valuable parts are preserved all extraneous matter has been expunged.

The history of the World's Greatest War is written by the men who fought it, the leading nation and confederate generals, Grant, Longstreet, Beauregard, Sherman, McClellan, Johnston, Pope, Buell, Hill, Howard and scores of others, and contains over 999 illustrations by the greatest artists. There never will be another such opportunity for parents to give their children to become intensely interested and instructed in this valuable history of their country as The Journal company now offers in The Century War Book. The Journal company will answer cheerfully all inquiries pertaining to the work. Coupons are now being published in the Milwaukee Journal.

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The Stevens Lumber Company want to buy two million feet of logs.

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Fuller House Block.

J. H. LEWIS, Proprietor.

All work in the tonsorial line done satisfactory.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty.

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5 Cts.

Per Roll Up.

A. H. MARKS & CO.

Paper.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

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